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# THE TRIUMPH OF ELAINE

ARTHUR B, REEV



HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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# NOTE

IS book is the third of a series, its forerunners being "The Exploits of Elaine. The Romance of Elaine." In the first, Craig Kennedy, by his strange and erudite scientific knowledge, again and again saves Elaine's life. Elaine admires the Detective and begins to think that he loves her: vet she is not quite sure of it until, at the end, he tells her so in his own characteristic way. In the second - "The Romance of Elaine" - her adventures are continued in a romantic atmosphere of love, which was created in the first. In this, the third book, Craig Kennedy, who knows the last secret in detective disguises, continues to protect Elaine from terrible dangers by land and by sea-and so helps to achieve her triumph.

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## CHAPTER I

### THE LOST TORPEDO"

FROM the rocks of a promontory that jutted out not far from the wharf where Wu Fang's body was found and Kennedy had disappeared, opened up a beautiful panorama of a bay on one side and the Sound on the other.

It was a deserted bit of coast. But any one who had been standing near the promontory the next day might have seen a thin line as if the water, sparkling in the sunlight, had been cut by a huge knife. Gradually a thin steel rod seemed to rise from the water itself, still moving ahead, though slowly now as it pushed its way above the surface. After it came a round cylinder of steel, studded with bolts. It was the hatch of a submarine and the rod was the periscope.

As the submarine lay there at rest, the waves almost breaking over it, the hatch slowly opened and a hand appeared groping for a hold. Then appeared a face with a tangle of curly black hair and keen forceful eyes. After it the body of a man rose out of the hatch, a tall, slender, striking person. He reached down into the hold of the boat and drew forth a life-preserver.

"All right," he called down in an accent slightly foreign, as he buckled on the belt. "I shall communicate with you as soon as I have something to report."

Then he deliberately plunged overboard and struck out for the shore. Hand over hand, he chumed his way through the water toward the beach until at last his feet touched bottom and he waded out, shaking the water from himself like a huge animal. 2

The coming of the stranger had not been entirely unhervided. Along the shore road by which Kennedy and I had followed the crooks who we thought had the torped, on that last chase, was waiting now a powerful limousine with its motor purring. A chaufteur was sitting at the wheel, and inside, at the door, sat a man peering out along the road to the beach. Suddenly the man in the car signalled to the driver.

"He comes," he cried eagerly. "Drive down the

road, closer, and meet him."

The chauffeur shot his car ahead. As the swimmer strode shivering up the roadway, the car approached him. The assistant swung open the door and ran forward with a thick warm coat and hat.

Neither the master nor the servant spoke as they met, but the man wrapped the coat about him, and hurried into the car; then the driver turned and

quickly they sped toward the city.

Secret though the entrance of the stranger had been

planned, however, it was not unobserved.

Along the beach, on a boulder, gazing thoughtfully out to sea and smoking an old briar pipe, sat a bent fisherman clad in an oliskin coat and hat, and heavy, ungainly boots. About his neck was a long woollen muffler which concealed the lower part of his face quite

as effectually as his scraggly, grizzled whiskers.

Suddenly he seemed to discover something that interested him, slowly rose, then turned and almost ran up the shore. Quickly he dropped behind a large rock and waited, peering out.

As the limousine bearing the stranger, on whom the fisherman had kept his eyes riveted, turned and drove away, the old salt rose from behind his rock, gazed after the car as if to fix every line of it in his memory;

then he, too, quickly disappeared up the road.

The stranger's car had scarcely gone when the fisherman turned from the shore road into a clump of stunted trees and made his way to a hut. Not far away stood

a small, unpretentious closed car, also with a driver.
"I shall be ready in a minute," the fisherman nodded,

and ran into the hut, as the driver moved his car up closer to the door.

The larger car was far down the bend of the road when the fisherman reappeared. In an almost incredible time he had changed his oilskins and muffler for a dark coat and silk hat. He was no longer a fisherman, but a rather fussy-looking old gentleman, bewhiskered still, with eyes looking out keenly from a pair of gold-rimmed classes.

"Follow that car—at any cost," he ordered simply as he let himself into the little motor, and the drives shot ahead down a bit of side road and out into the main shore road again, urging the car forward to overtake the one ahead.

Such was the entrance of the stranger—Marcius Del Mar—into America.

How I managed to pass the time during the first days after the strange disappearance of Kennedy, I don't know. It was all like a dream—the apartment empty, the laboratory empty, my own work on the Star uninteresting. Elaine broken-hearted, life itself a burden.

Hoping against hope the next day I decided to drop around at the Dodge house. As I entered the library unannounced, I saw that Elaine, with a faith which I envied her, was sitting at a table, her back toward the door. She was gazing sadly at a photograph. Though

door. She was gazing sadly at a photograph. Though I could not see it, I needed not to be told whose it was. She did not hear me come in, so engrossed was she in her thoughts. Nor did she notice me at first as I stood just behind her. Finally I put my hand on her

shoulder as if I had been an elder brother.

She looked up into my face. "Have you heard from

him yet?" she asked anxiously.

1 could only shake my head sadly. She sighed.

Involuntarily she rose and together we moved toward

the garden, the last place we had seen him about the house.

We had been pacing up and down the garden talking

earnestly only a short time when a man made his way in from the Fifth Avenue gate.
"Is this Miss Dodge?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied eagerly.

Neither Elaine nor I knew him at the time, though I think she thought he might be the bearer of some message from Craig. As a matter of fact he was the emissary to whom the stenographer had thrown the torpedo model from the Navy Building in Washington.

His visit was only a part of a deep-laid scheme. Only a few minutes before, three crooks—among them our visitor—had stopped just below the house on a side street. To him the others had given final in-structions and a note, and he had gone on, leaving the two standing there.

"I have a note for you," he said, bowing and handing an envelope to Elaine, which she tore open and read.

#### WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS ELAINE DODGE. Fifth Avenue, New York.

My Dear Miss Dodge.

The bearer, Mr. Bailey, of the Secret Service, would like to question you regarding the disappearance of Mr. Kennedy and the model of his torpedo.

MORGAN BERTRAND. II.S. Secret Service.

Even as we were talking the other two crooks had already moved up and had made their way round behind the stone wall that cut off the Dodge garden back of the house. There they stood, whispering eagerly and gazing furtively over the wall as their man talked to Elaine

After a moment I stepped aside, while Elaine read the note, and, as he asked her a few questions, I could not help feeling that the affair had a very suspicious look. The more I thought of it, the less I liked it. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"I beg your pardon," I excused myself to the alleged Mr. Bailey, "but may I speak to Miss Dodge alone just a minute?"

He bowed, rather ungraciously I thought, and Elaine followed me aside while I told her my fears.

"I don't like the looks of it myself," she agreed.

"Yes, I'll be very careful what I say."
While we were talking I could see out of the corner
of my eye that the fellow was looking at us askance
and frowning. But if I had had an X-ray eye, I might
have seen his two companions on the other side of the
wall, peering over as they had been before and showing

every evidence of annoyance at my interference.

The man resumed his questioning of Elaine regarding the torpedo and she replied guardedly, as in fact she

could not do otherwise.

Suddenly we heard shouts on the other side of the wall, as though some one were attacking some one else.

There seemed to be several of them, for a man quickly

flung himself over the wall and ran to us.

"They're after us," he shouted to Bailey.

Instantly our visitor drew a gun and followed the newcomer as he ran to get out of the garden in the opposite direction.

Just then a tall, well-dressed, striking man came over the wall, accompanied by another dressed as a policeman, and rushed toward us.

The car bearing the mysterious stranger, Del Mar, kept on until it reached New York, then made its way through the city until it came to the Hotel La Coste.

Del Mar jumped out of the car, his wet clothes covered completely by the long coat. He registed and rode up in the elevator to rooms which had already been engaged for him. In his suite a valet was already unpacking some trunks and laying out clothes when Del Mar and his assistant entered.

With an exclamation of satisfaction at his unostentatious entry into the city, Del Mar threw off his heavy coat. The valet hastened to assist him in removing the 6 THE TRIUMPH OF ELAINE

clothes still wet and wrinkled from his plunge into the cee

Scarcely had Del Mar changed his clothes than he received two visitors. Strangely enough they were

men dressed in the uniform of policemen.

"First of all we must convince them of our honesty," he said, looking fixedly at the two men. "Orders have been given to the men employed by Wu Fang to be about in half an hour. We must pretend to arrest them on sight. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," they nodded.

"Very well, come on," Del Mar ordered, taking up

his hat and preceding them from the room.

Outside the La Coste, Del Mar and his two policemen entered the car which had driven Del Mar from the sea coast and were quickly whisked away, up-town, until they came near the Dodge house.

Del Mar leaped from the car, followed by his two policemen. "There they are, already," he whispered,

pointing up the avenue. All three hastened up the avenue now, where, beside a wall, they could see two men looking through intently

as though very angry at something going on inside. "Arrest them!" shouted Del Mar as his own men

ran forward.

The fight was short and sharp, with every evidence of being genuine. One of the men managed to break away and jump the garden wall, with Del Mar and one of the policemen after him, while the other only reached the wall to be dragged down by the other police-

Elaine and I had been, as I have said, talking with the man named Bailey who posed as a Secret Service man, when the rumpus began. As the man came over the fence, warning Bailey, it was evident that neither of them had time to escape. With his baton the policeman struck the newcomer of the two flat, while the tall, athletic gentleman leaped upon Bailey and, before we knew it, had him disarmed. In a most clean-cut and professional way he snapped the bracelets on the man.

Elaine was astounded at the kaleidoscopic turn of affairs, too astounded even to make an outcry. As for me, it was all so sudden that I had no chance to take part in it. Besides I should not have known quite on which side to fight. So I did nothing.

But as it was over so quickly, I took a step forward

to our latest arrival.

"Beg pardon, old man," I began, "but don't you think this is just a little raw? What's it all about?"

The newest comer eved me for a moment, then with quiet dignity drew from his pocket and handed me his card, which read simply :

### M. Del Mar, Private Investigator.

As I looked up, I saw Del Mar's other policeman bringing in another manacled man.

"These are crooks—foreign agents," replied Del Mar, pointing to the prisoners. "The government has employed me to run them down."

"What of this?" asked Elaine, holding up the note

from Bertrand.

"A fake, a forgery," reiterated Del Mar, looking at it a moment critically. Then to the men uniformed as police he ordered, "You can take them to gaol. They're the fellows, all right."

As the prisoners were led off, Del Mar turned to Elaine. "Would you mind answering a few questions about these men?"

"Why-no," she hesitated. "But I think we'd better go into the house, after such a thing as this. It makes me feel nervous."

With Del Mar I followed Elaine in through the conservatory.

Del Mar had scarcely registered at the La Coste when the smaller car which had been waiting at the fisherman's hut drew up before the hotel entrance.

From it alighted the fussy old gentleman who bore such a remarkable resemblance to the fisherman, hastily paid his driver and entered the hotel.

He went directly to the desk and with well-manicured finger, scarcely reminiscent of a fisherman, began tracing the names down the list until he stopped before one which read :

Marcius Del Mar and valet. Washington, D. C. Room 520.

With a quick glance about, he made a note of it.

and turned away, leaving the La Coste to take up quarters of his own in the Prince Henry down the street. Not until Del Mar had left with his two policemen did the fussy old gentleman reappear in the La Coste.

Then he rode up to Del Mar's room and rapped at the door. " Is Mr. Del Mar in ?" he inquired of the valet.

" No, sir," replied that functionary.

The little old man appeared to consider, standing a moment dandling his silk hat. Absent-mindedly he dropped it. As the valet stooped to pick it up, the old gentleman exhibited an agility and strength scarcely to be expected of his years. He seized the valet. while with one foot he kicked the door shut.

Before the surprised servant knew what was going on, his assailant had whipped from his pocket a handkerchief in which was concealed a thin tube of anæsthetic. Then leaving the valet prone in a corner with the handkerchief over his face, he proceeded to make a systematic search of the rooms, opening all drawers, trunks and bags.

He turned pretty nearly everything upside down. then started on the desk. Suddenly he paused. There was a paper. He read it, then with an air of extreme

elation shoved it into his pocket.

As he was going out he stopped beside the valet, removed the handkerchief from his face and bound him with a cord from the portières. Then, still immaculate in spite of his encounter, he descended in the elevator, re-entered a waiting car and drove off.

Quite evidently, however, he wanted to cover his tracks, for he had not gone a half-dozen blocks before he stopped, paid and tipped the driver generously, and

disappeared into the theatre crowd.

Back again in the Prince Henry, whither the fussy little old man made his way as quickly as he could through a side street, he went quietly up to his room.

His door was now locked. He did not have to deny himself to visitors, for he had none. Still, his room was cluttered by a vast amount of paraphernalia and

he was seated before a table deep in work.

First of all he tied a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. Then he took up a cartridge from the table and carefully extracted the bullet. Into the space occupied by the bullet he poured a white powder and added a wad of paper, like a blank cartridge, placing the cartridge in the chamber of a revolver and repeating the operation until he had it fully loaded. It was his own invention of an asphyxiating bullet.

Perhaps half an hour later, the old gentleman, his room cleaned up and his immaculate appearance restored, sauntered forth from the hotel down the street

like a veritable Turveydrop, to show himself.

Elaine seemed quite impressed with our new friend, Del Mar, as we made our way to the library, though I am not sure but that it was a pose on her part.

At any rate he seemed quite eager to help us. "What do you suppose has become of Mr. Ken-

nedy ? " asked Elaine.

Del Mar looked at her earnestly. "I should be glad to search for him," he returned quickly. "He was the greatest man in our profession. But first I must execute the commission of the Secret Service. We must find his torpedo model before it falls into foreign hands."

We talked for a few moments, then Del Mar with a glance at his watch excused himself. We accompanied him to the door, for he was indeed a charming man. I felt that, if in fact he were assigned to the case. I ought to know him better.

If you're going down-town," I ventured, "I might accompany you part of the way."
"Delighted," agreed Del Mar.

Elaine gave him her hand and he took it in such a deferential way that one could not help liking him. Elaine was much impressed.

As Del Mar and I walked down the avenue, he kept up a running fire of conversation until at last we came

near the La Coste.

"Charmed to have met you, Mr. Jameson," he said, pausing. "We shall see a great deal of each other, I hope."

Î had not yet had time to say good-bye myself when a slight exclamation at my side startled me. Turning suddenly, I saw a very brisk, fussy old gentleman who had evidently been hurrying through the crowd. He had slipped on something on the sidewalk and lost his balance, falling near us.

We bent over and assisted him to his feet. As I took hold of his hand, I felt a peculiar pressure from him. He had placed something in my hand. My mind worked quickly. I checked my first impulse to speak and, more from curiosity than anything else, kept the thing he had passed to me surrentitiously.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he puffed, straightening himself out. "One of the infirmities of age. Thank

you, thank you."

In a moment he had bustled off quite comically.

Again Del Mar said good-bye and I did not urge him to stay. He had scarcely gone when I looked at the thing the old man had placed in my hand. It was a little folded piece of paper. I opened it slowly. Inside was printed in pencil, disguised:

### BE CAREFUL. WATCH HIM.

I read it in amazement. What did it mean?

At the La Coste, Del Mar was met by two of his men in the lobby and they went up to his room.

Imagine their surprise when they opened the door

and found the valet lying bound on the floor.

"Who the deuce did this?" demanded Del Mar as they loosened him

The valet rose weakly to his feet. "A little old man

with grey whiskers," he managed to gasp.

Del Mar looked at him in surprise. Instantly his active mind recalled the little old man who had fallen

before us on the street.

Who-what was he?

"Come," he said quickly, beckoning his two companions who had come in with him.

Some time later, Del Mar's car stopped just below

the Dodge house.

"You men go round to the back of the house and watch," ordered Del Mar. As they disappeared he turned and went up the

Dodge steps.

I walked back after my strange experience with the fussy little old gentleman, feeling more than ever, now that Craig was gone, that both Elaine and Aunt Josephine needed me.

As we sat talking in the library, Rusty, released from the chain on which Jennings kept him, bounded with a rush into the library.

"Good old fellow," encouraged Elaine, patting him.

Just then Jennings entered and a moment later was followed by Del Mar, who bowed as we welcomed him.

"Do you know," he began, "I believe that the lost torpedo model is somewhere in this house, and I have reason to anticipate another attempt of foreign agents to find it. If you'll pardon me, I've taken the liberty of surrounding the place with some men we can trust."

While Del Mar was speaking, Elaine picked up a ribbon from the table and started to tie it about Rusty's neck. As Del Mar proceeded she paused, still holding the ribbon. Rusty, who hated ribbons, saw his chance and quietly sidled out, seeking refuge in the conservatory.

Alone in the conservatory, Rusty quickly forgot

about the ribbon and began nosing about the palms. At last he came to the pot in which the torpedo model had been buried in the soft earth by the thief on the night it had been stolen from the fountain.

Ouickly Elaine recalled herself and, seeing the ribbon in her hand and Rusty gone, called him. There was no answer, and she excused herself, for it was against

the rules for Rusty to wander about.

In his haste the thief had left just a corner of the handkerchief sticking out of the dirt. What none of us had noticed, Rusty's keen eyes and nose discovered and his instinct told him to dig for it. In a moment he uncovered the torpedo and handkerchief and sniffed.

Just then he heard his mistress calling him. Rusty had been whipped for digging in the conservatory, and now, with his tail between his legs, he seized the torpedo in his mouth and bolted for the door of the drawingroom, for he had heard voices in the library. As he did so he dropped the handkerchief, and the little pro-

peller, loosened by his teeth, fell off.

Elaine entered the conservatory, still calling. Rusty was not there. He had reached the stairs, scurrying up to the attic, still holding the torpedo model in his mouth. He pushed open the attic door and ran in. Rusty's last refuge in time of trouble was behind a number of trunks, among which were two of almost the same size and appearance. Behind one of them he had hidden a miscellaneous collection of bones. pieces of biscuit and things dear to his heart. He dropped the torpedo among these treasures.

Del Mar, meanwhile, had followed Elaine through the hall and into the conservatory. As he entered he could see her stooping down to look through the palms for Rusty. She straightened up and went

ont.

Del Mar followed. Beside the palm pot where Rusty had found the torpedo, he happened to see the old handkerchief soiled with dirt. Near-by lay the little propeller. He picked them up.

"She has found it!" he exclaimed in wonder, following Elaine.

By this time Rusty had responded to Elaine's calls

and came tearing downstairs again.

"Naughty Rusty," chided Elaine, tving the ribbon

on him.

"So--vou have found him at last?" remarked Del Mar, looking quickly at Elaine to see if she would get a double meaning.

"Yes. He's had a fine time running away," she replied.

Del Mar was scarcely able to conceal his suspicion of her. Was she a clever actress, hiding her discovery, he wondered ?

Outside, on the lawn. Del Mar's men had been looking about, but had discovered nothing. They paused a moment to speak.

"Look out!" whispered one of them. "There's

some one coming."

They dropped down in the shadow. There in the light of the street lamps was the fussy old gentleman coming across the lawn. He stole up to the door of the conservatory and looked through. Del Mar's men crawled a few feet closer. The little old man entered the conservatory and looked about again stealthily. The two men followed him in noiselessly and watched as he bent over the palm pot from which the dog had dug up the torpedo. He looked at the hole curiously. Just then he heard sounds behind him and sprang to his feet.

"Hands up!" ordered one of the men, covering him

with a gun.

The little old man threw up his hands, raising his cane still in his right hand. The man with the gun took a step closer. As he did so, the little old man brought down his cane with a quick blow and knocked the gun out of his hand. The second man seized the cane. The old man jerked the cane back and was standing there with a thin, tough steel rapier. It was a sword-cane. Del Mar's man held the sheath.

As the man attacked with the sheath, the little old man parried, sent it flying from his grasp, and wounded him. The wounded man sank down, while the little old man ran off through the palms, followed by the

other of Del Mar's men.

Round the hall he ran, and back into the conservatory, where he picked up a heavy chair and threw it through the glass, dropping himself behind a convenient hiding-place near-by. Del Mar's man, close after him, mistaking the crash of glass for the escape of the man he was pursuing, went on through the broken exit. Then the little old man doubled on his tracks and made for the front of the house.

With Aunt Josephine I had remained in the library. "What's that?" I exclaimed at the first sounds. "A fight?"

Together we rushed for the conservatory.

The fight, followed so quickly by the crash of glass, also alarmed Elaine and Del Mar in the hallway, and they hurried toward the library, which we had just left

by another door.

As they entered, they saw a little old gentleman rushing in from the conservatory and locking the door behind him. He whiled about and he and Del Mor

rushing in from the conservatory and locking the door behind him. He whirled about, and he and Del Mar recognised each other at once. They drew guns together, but the little old man fired first. His bullet struck the wall behind Del Mar and a

cloud of vapour was instantly formed, enveloping Del Mar and even Elaine. Del Mar fell, overcome, while Elaine sank more slowly. The little old man ran forward.

Elaine sank more slowly. The little old man ran forward.

In the conservatory, Aunt Josephine and I heard the shooting, just as one of Del Mar's men ran in again.

With him we ran back toward the library.

By this time the whole house was aroused. Jennings and Marie were hurrying downstairs, crying for help and making their way to the library also,

In the library, the little old man bent over Del Mar and Elaine. But it was only a moment later that he heard the whole house aroused. Quickly he shut and locked the folding-doors to the drawing-room, as, with Del Mar's man, I was beating at the rear library door

"I'll go round," I suggested, hurrying off, while Del

Mar's man tried to beat in the door.

Inside the little old man, who had been listening, saw that there was no means of escape. He pulled off his coat and vest and turned them inside out. On the inside he had prepared an exact copy of Jennings' livery.

It was only a matter of seconds before he had completed his change. For a moment he paused and looked at the two prostrate figures before him. Then he took a rose from a vase on the table and placed it in Elaine's hand.

Finally, with his whiskers and wig off, he moved to the rear door, where Del Mar's man was beating, and opened it.

"Look," he cried, pointing in an agitated way at Del Mar and Elaine. "What shall we do?"

him.

Del Mar's man, who had never seen Jennings, ran to his master, and the little old man, in his new disguise, slipped quietly into the hall, out at the front door and into the street, where he had a taxicab waiting for

A moment later I burst open the other library door and Aunt Iosephine followed me in, just as Jennings himself and Marie entered from the drawing-room.

It was only a moment before we had Del Mar. who was most in need of care, on the sofa; Elaine, already regaining consciousness, lay back in a deep easy-chair

As Del Mar moved, I turned again to Elaine, who was now nearly recovered.

"How do you feel?" I asked anxiously.

Her throat was parched by the asphyxiating fumes, but she smiled brightly, though weakly.

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"Wh-where did I get that?" she managed to gasp finally, catching sight of the rose in her hand. "Did you put it there?"

I shook my head and she gazed at the rose, wondering. Whoever the little man was, he was gone. I longed for Craig.

#### CHAPTER II

### " THE GREY FRIAR "

So confident was Elaine that Kennedy was still alive that she would not admit to herself what to the rest of us seemed obvious.

She even refused to accept Aunt Josephine's hints, and decided to give a masquerade ball, which she had planned as the last event of the season before she closed the Dodge town house and opened her country house on

the shore of Connecticut.

It was shortly after the strange appearance of the fussy old gentleman that I dropped in one afternoon to find Elaine addressing invitations, while Aunt Josephine helped her. As we chatted, I picked up on from the pile and mechanically contemplated the address:

M. Del Mar, Hotel La Coste, New York City.

"I don't like that fellow," I remarked, shaking my head dubiously.

"Oh, you're—jealous, Walter," laughed Elaine, taking the envelope away from me and piling it again with the others.

Thus it was that in the morning's mail, Del Mar, along with the rest of us, received a neatly engraved little invitation:

Miss Elaine Dodge requests the pleasure of your presence at the masquerade ball to be given at her residence on Friday evening June 1st. " Good!" he exclaimed, reaching for the telephone, " I'll go."

In a restaurant in the white light district two of

this ewho had been engaged in the preliminary plot to stead Remedy's wireless the declared the young the man to whom she had passed the model that young the man to whom she had passed the model out of the window in Washington, were seated at a table. So serve that dheen the relations of all those in the

plot that one group did not know the other, and the strangest methods of communication had been adopted. The man removed a cover from a dish. Underneath,

The man removed a cover from a dish. Underneath, perhaps without even the waiter's knowledge, was a note.

"Here are the orders at last," he whispered to the girl, unfolding and reading the note. "Look. The model of the torpedo is somewhere in her house. Go to-night to the ball as a masquerader and search for it."

"Oh, splendid!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm crazy for a little society after this grind. Pay the cheque and

let's get out and choose our costumes."

The man paid the cheque and they left hurriedly. Half an hour later they were at a costumer's shop choosing their disguises, both careful to get the fullest masks that would not excite suspicion.

It was the night of the masquerade.

During the afternoon Elaine had been thinking more than ever of Kennedy. It all seemed unreal to her. More than once she stopped to look at his photograph. Several times she checked herself on the point of tears.

"No," she said to herself, with a sort of grim determination. "No—he is alive. He will come back to

me-he will.'

And yet she had a feeling of terrific loneliness which even her most powerful efforts could not throw off. She was determined to go through with the ball, now that she had started it, but she was really glad when it was time to dress, for even that took her mind from her brooding.

As Marie finished helping her put on a very effective and conspicuous costume. Aunt Josephine entered her dressing-room.

"Are you ready, my dear?" she asked, adjusting the mask which she carried so that no one would recog-

nise her as Martha Washington. "In just a minute, Auntie," answered Elaine, trying hard to put out of her mind how Craig would have

liked her dress.

Somewhat earlier, in my own apartment, I had been

arraying myself as Boum-Boum and modestly admiring the imitation I made of a circus clown as I did a couple of comedy steps before the mirror.

But I was not really so light-hearted. I could not help thinking of what this night might have been if Kennedy had been alive. Indeed, I was glad to take up my white mask, throw a long coat over my outlandish costume, and hurry off in my waiting car in order to forget everything that reminded me of him in the apartment.

Already a continuous stream of guests was trickling in through the canopy from the curb to the Dodge door, and carriages, and motors were arriving and leaving amid great gaping from the crowd on the side-

walk. As I entered the ballroom it was really a brilliant and picturesque assemblage. Of course I recognised

Elaine in spite of her mask, almost immediately.

Characteristically, she was talking to the one most striking figure on the floor, a tall man in red—a veritable Mephistopheles. As the music started, Elaine and his Satanic Majesty laughingly fox-trotted off but were not lost to me in the throng.

I soon found myself talking to a young lady in a spotted domino. She seemed to have a peculiar fascination for me, yet she did not monopolise all my attention. As we trotted past the door, I could see down the hall. Jennings was still admitting late arrivals, and I caught

a glimpse of one costumed as a grey friar, his cowl over

his head and his eyes masked.

Chatting, we had circled about to the conservatory. A number of couples were there, and, through the palms, I saw Elaine and Mephisto laughingly make

their way.

As my spotted domino partner and I swung round again, I happened to catch another glimpse of the grey friar. He was not dancing, but walking, or rather stalking, about the edge of the room, gazing about as if searching for some one.

In the conservatory, Elaine and Mephisto had seated themselves in the breeze of an open window, somewhat in the shadow.

"You are Miss Dodge," he said earnestly.

"You knew me?" she laughed. "And you?" He raised his mask, disclosing the handsome face

and fascinating eyes of Del Mar.
"I hope you don't think I'm here in character," he

laughed easily, as she started a bit.
"I—I—well, I didn't think it was you," she blurted

out.
"Ah—then there is some one else you care more to dance with?"

"No-no one-no."

" I may hope, then ? "

He had moved closer and almost touched her hand. The pointed hood of the grey friar in the palms showed that at last he saw what he sought.

that at last he saw what he sought.

"No—no. Please—excuse me," she murmured,

rising and hurrying back to the ballroom.

A subtle smile spread over the grey friar's masked

face.
Of course I had known Elaine. Whether she knew
me at once I don't know, or whether it was an accident,
but she approached me as I paused in the dance a moment

with my domino girl.
"From the—sublime—to the ridiculous," she cried excitedly.

My partner gave her a sharp glance. "You will

excuse me?" she said, and, as I bowed, almost ran off to the conservatory, leaving Elaine to dance with me.

Del Mar, quite surprised at the sudden flight of Elaine from his side, followed more slowly through

the palms.

As he did so he passed a Mexican attired in brilliant native costume. At a sign from Del Mar he paused and received a small package which Del Mar slipped to him, then passed on as though nothing had happened. The keen eyes of the grey friar, however, had caught the little action, and he quietly slipped out after the Mexican bolero.

Just then the domino girl hurried into the conserva-tory. "What's doing?" she asked eagerly. "Keep close to me," whispered Del Mar, as she

nodded, and they left the conservatory, not apparently together.

Upstairs, away from the gaiety of the ballroom, the bolero made his way until he came to Elaine's room, dimly lighted. With a quick glance about, he entered cautiously, closed the door, and approached a closet which he opened. There was a safe built into the wall.

As he stooped over, the man unwrapped the package Del Mar had handed him and took out a curious little instrument. Inside was a dry battery and a most peculiar instrument, something like a little flat telephone transmitter, yet attached by wires to ear-pieces that fitted over the head after the manner of those of a wireless detector.

He adjusted the head-piece and held the flat instrument against the safe, close to the combination, which he began to turn slowly. It was a burglar's microphone, used for picking combination locks. As the combination turned, a slight sound was made when the proper number came opposite the working point. Imperceptible ordinarily to even the most sensitive ear, to an ear trained it was comparatively easy to recognise the fall of the tumblers over this microphone.

As he worked, the door behind him opened softly and the grey friar entered, closing it and moving noiselessly over to the shelter of a big mahogany tall-boy, round which he could watch

At last the safe was opened. Rapidly the man went through its contents. "Confound it!" he muttered. "She didn't put it here—anyhow."

The bolero started to close the safe when he heard a noise in the room and looked cautiously behind him. Del Mar himself, followed by the domino girl. entered.

"I've opened it," whispered the emissary, stepping out of the closet and meeting them, "but I can't find

the---"

" Hands up-all of you!"

They turned in time to see the grey friar's gun yawning at them. Most politely he lined them up. Still holding his gun ready, he lifted up the mask of the domino girl.

"So-it's you," he grunted.

He was about to lift the mask of the Mexican, when the bolero leaped at him. Del Mar piled in. But sounds downstairs alarmed them, and the emissary, released, fled quickly with the girl. The grey friar, however, kept his hold on Mephistopheles, as if he had been wrestling with a veritable devil.

Down in the hall, I had again met my domino girl a few minutes after I had resigned Elaine to another of her numerous admirers.

"I thought you deserted me," I said, somewhat

piqued. "You deserted me," she parried nervously. "How-

ever, I'll forgive you if you'll get me an ice."

I hastened to do so. But no sooner had I gone than Del Mar stalked through the hall and went upstairs. My domino girl was watching for him, and followed.

When I returned with the ice, I looked about, but she was gone. It was scarcely a moment later, however, that I saw her hurry downstairs, accompanied by

the Mexican bolero. I stepped forward to speak to her, but she almost ran past me without a word.

"A nut," I remarked under my breath, pushing

back my mask.

I started to eat the ice myself, when, a moment later, Elaine passed through the hall with a Spanish cavalier.

"Oh, Walter, here you are," she laughed. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Thank you very much, sire," she bowed with mock civility to the cavalier.

"It was only one dance, you know. Please let me talk to Boum-Boum."

The cavalier bowed reluctantly and left us.

"What are you doing here alone?" she asked, taking off her own mask. "How warm it is." Before I could reply, I heard some one coming down-

stairs behind me, but not in time to turn. "Elaine's dressing-table," a voice whispered in my

ear I turned suddenly. It was the grey friar. Before I could even reach out to grasp his robe, he was gone.

"Another nut!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Why, what did he say?" asked Elaine. "Something about your dressing-table."

"My dressing-table?" she repeated.

We ran quickly up the steps. Elaine's room showed every evidence of having been the scene of a struggle, as she went over to the table. There she picked up a rose and under it a piece of paper on which were some words printed with pencil roughly.

"Look," she cried, as I read with her:

Do honest assistants search safes ? Let no one see this but Iameson.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"My safe!" she cried, moving to a closet. As she opened the door, imagine our surprise at seeing Del Mar lying on the floor, bound and gagged before the open safe. "Get my scissors on the dresser," cried Elaine.

I did so, hastily cutting the cords that bound Del

"What does it all mean?" asked Elaine as he rose

and stretched himself.

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Still clutching his throat, as if it hurt, Del Mar choked, "I found a man, a foreign agent, searching the safe. But he overcame me and escaped."

"Oh—then that is what the——"

Elaine checked herself. She had been about to hand the note to Del Mar when an idea seemed to come to her. Instead, she crumpled it up and thrust it into her boson.

On the street the bolero and the domino girl were

hurrying away as fast as they could.

Meanwhile, the grey friar had overcome Del Mar, had bound and gagged him, and thrust him into the closet. Then he wrote the note and laid it, with a rose from a vase, on Elaine's dressing-table before he, too, followed:

More than ever I was at a loss to make it out.

It was the day after the masquerade ball that a taxicab drove up to the Dodge house and a very trim but not overdressed young lady was announced as "Miss Bertholdi."

"Miss Dodge?" she inquired as Jennings held open the portières and she entered the library where Elaine

and Aunt Josephine were sitting.

If Elaine had only known, it was the domino girl of the night before who handed her a note and sat down, looking about so demurely, while Elaine read:

My Dear Miss Dodge.

The bearer, Miss Bertholdi, is an operative of mine. I would appreciate it if you would employ ber in some capacity in your house, as I have reason to believe that certain foreign agents will soon make another attempt to find Kennedy's lost torpedo model.

Sincerely.

M. DEL MAR.

Elaine looked up from reading the note. Miss Bertholdi was good to look at, and Elaine liked pretty girls about her.

"Jennings," she ordered, "call Marie."
To the butler and her maid, Elaine gave the most careful instructions regarding Miss Bertholdi. can help you finish the packing, first," she concluded.

The girl thanked her and went out with Jennings and Marie, asking Jennings to pay her taxicab driver with money she gave him, which he did, bringing her

grip into the house.

Later in the day, Elaine had both Marie and Bertholdi carrying armsful of her dresses from the closets in her room up to the attic where the last of her trunks were being packed. On one of the many trips, Bertholdi came alone into the attic, her arms full as usual. Before her were two trunks, very much alike, open and nearly packed. She laid her armful of clothes on a chair near-by and pulled one of the trunks forward. On the floor lay the trays of both trunks already packed. Bertholdi began packing her burden in one trunk which was marked in big white letters, "E. Dodge."

Down in Elaine's room just at that moment Jennings entered. "The expressman for the trunks is here,

Miss Elaine," he announced.
"Is he? I wonder whether they are all ready," Elaine replied, hurrying out of the room, "Tell him to wait."

In the attic, Bertholdi was still at work, keeping her eyes open to execute the mission on which Del Mar

had sent her. Rusty, forgotten in the excitement by Jennings, had roamed at will through the house, and seemed quite

interested. For this was the trunk behind which he had his cache of treasures.

As Bertholdi started to move behind the trunk,

Rusty could stand it no longer. He darted ahead of her into his hiding-place. Among the dog biscuit and bones was the torpedo model which he had dug up

from the nalm not in the conservatory. He seized it in his mouth and turned to carry it off.

There, in his path, was his enemy, the new girl.

Ouick as a flash, she saw what it was Rusty had, and grabbed at it.

"Get out!" she ordered, looking at her prize in

triumph and turning it over and over in her hands. At that moment she heard Elaine on the stairs.

What should she do? She must hide it. She looked about. There was the tray, packed and lying on the floor near the trunk marked "E. Dodge." She thrust it hastily into the tray, pulling a garment over it.

"Nearly ready?" panted Elaine.
"Yes, Miss Dodge."

"Then please tell the expressman to come up."

Bertholdi hesitated, chagrined. Yet there was nothing to do but obey. She looked at the trunk by the tray to fix it in her mind, then went downstairs.

As she left the room, Elaine lifted the tray into the trunk and tried to close the lid. But the tray was too high. She looked puzzled. On the floor was another tray almost identical.

"The wrong trunk," she smiled to herself, lifting the tray out and putting the other one in while she placed the first tray, in which the torpedo was concealed. in the other, unmarked, trunk where it belonged. Then she closed the first trunk.

A moment later the expressman entered, with Ber-

tholdi "You may take that one," indicated Elaine.

"Miss Dodge, here's something else to go in." said Bertholdi in desperation, picking up a dress.

"Never mind. Put it in the other trunk."

Bertholdi was baffled, but she managed to control herself. She must get word to Del Mar about that trunk marked "E. Dodge."

Late that afternoon, before a cheap restaurant, might have been seen our old friend who had posed as Bailey and as the Mexican. He entered the restaurant and

made his way to the first of a row of booths on one side.

"Hello," he nodded to a girl in the booth.

Bertholdi nodded back and he took his seat. She

had begged an hour or two off on some pretext. Outside the restaurant, a heavily-bearded man had

been standing looking intently at nothing in particular when Bertholdi entered. As Bailey came along, he followed and took the next booth, his hat pulled over his eyes. In a moment he was listening, his ear close up to the partition.

"Well, what luck?" asked Bailey. "Did you get a clue?"

"I had the torpedo model in my hands," she replied, excitedly telling the story. "It is in a trunk marked 'E. Dodge."

All this and more the bearded stranger drank in eagerly.

A moment later Bailey and Bertholdi left the booth and went out of the restaurant followed cautiously by the stranger. On the street the two emissaries of Del Mar stopped a moment to talk.

"All right, I'll telephone him," she said, as they

parted in opposite directions.

The stranger took an instant to make up his mind.

then followed the girl. She continued down the street until she came to a store with telephone booths. The bearded stranger followed still, into the next booth, but did not call a number. He had his ear to the wall He could hear her call Del Mar, and although he

could not hear Del Mar's answers, she repeated enough for him to catch the drift. Finally, she came out, and the stranger, instead of following her farther, took the other direction hurriedly.

Del Mar himself received the news with keen excitement. Quickly he gave instructions and prepared to leave his rooms.

A short time later his car pulled up before the La

Coste, and, in a long duster and cap, Del Mar jumped in. and was off.

Scarcely had his car swung up the avenue when, from an alleyway down the street from the hotel, the chug-chug of a motor-cycle sounded. A bearded man,

his face further hidden by a pair of goggles, ran out with his machine, climbed on and followed. On out into the country Del Mar's car sped. At

every turn the motor-cycle dropped back a bit, ob-

served the turn, then crept up and took it too. So they went for some time.

On the level of the Grand Central where the trains left for the Connecticut shore where Elaine's summer home was situated, Bailey was now edging his way through the late crowd down the platform. He paused before the baggage-car just as one of the baggage motor trucks rolled up loaded high with trunks and bags. He stepped back as the men loaded the luggage on the

car, watching carefully. As they tossed on one trunk marked "E. Dodge," he turned with a subtle look and walked away. Finally he squirmed around to the other platform. No one was looking and he mounted the rear of the baggagecar and opened the door. There was the baggageman sitting by the side door, his back to Bailey. Bailey

closed the door softly and squeezed behind a pile of trunks and bags.

Finally Del Mar reached a spot on the railroad where there were both a curve and a grade ahead. He stopped his car and got out.

Down the road the bearded and goggled motorcyclist stopped just in time to avoid observation. To make sure, he drew a pocket field-glass and levelled it

ahead. "Wait here," ordered Del Mar. "I'll call when I want von."

Back on the road the bearded cyclist could see Del Mar move down the track though he could not hear

the directions. It was not necessary, however. He dragged his machine into the bushes, hid it and hurried down the road on foot.

Del Mar's chauffeur was waiting idly at the wheel

when suddenly the cold nose of a revolver was stuck under his chin.

"Not a word-and hands up-or I'll let the moon-

light through you," growled out a harsh voice.

Nevertheless, the chauffeur managed to lurch out of

the car and the bearded stranger, whose revolver it was, found that he would have to shoot. Del Mar was not far enough away to risk it. The chauffeur flung himself on him and they struggled

fiercely, rolling over and over in the dust of the road. But the bearded stranger had a grip of steel and managed to get his fingers about the chauffeur's throat

as an added insurance against a cry for help. He choked him literally into insensibility. with a strength that he did not seem to possess, he picked up the limp, blue-faced body and carried it off the road and round the car.

In the baggage-car, the baggageman was smoking a surreptitious pipe of powerful tobacco between stations and contemplating the scenery thoughtfully through the open door.

As the engine slowed up to take a curve and a grade, Bailey, who had now and then taken a peep out of a little grated window above him, crept out from his hiding-place. Already he had slipped a dark silk mask over his face.

As he made his way among the trunks and boxes, the train lurched and the baggageman, who had his back to Bailey, heard him catch himself. He turned

and leaped to his feet. Bailey closed with him instantly. Over and over they rolled. Bailey had already drawn his revolver before he left his hiding-place. A shot, however, would have been fatal to his part in the plans, and was only a last resort, for it would have brought the trainmen.

Finally Bailey rolled his man over, and, getting his right arm free, dealt the baggageman a fierce blow with the butt of the gun.

The train was now pulling slowly up the grade. More time had been spent in overcoming the baggageman than he expected and Bailey had to work quickly. He dragged the trunk marked "E. Dodge" from the pile to the door and glanced out.

Just around the curve in the railroad Del Mar was waiting, straining his eyes down the track.

There was the train, puffing up the grade. As ite as the signal and he waited anxiously. Had his plans been carried out?

The train passed. From the baggage-car came a

The train passed. From the baggage-car came a trunk catapulted out by a strong arm. It hurtled through the air and landed with its own and the train's momentum.

Over it rolled in the bushes, then stopped—unbroken, for Elaine had had it designed to resist even the most violent baggage-smasher.

Del Mar ran to it. As the tail light of the train disappeared he turned round in the direction from which he had come, placed his two hands to his mouth and shouted.

From the side of the road by Del Mar's car the bearded motor-cyclist had just emerged, buttoning the chauffeur's clothes and adjusting his goggles to his own face.

As he approached the car, he heard a shout. Quickly he tore off the black beard which had been his disguise and tossed it into the grass. Then he drew the coat high up about his neck.

"All right!" he shouted back, starting along the road.

Together he and Del Mar managed to scramble up the embankment to the road, and, one at each handle of the trunk, they carried it back to the car, and piled it in.

The improvised chauffeur started to take his place at the wheel, and Del Mar had his foot on the runningboard to get beside him, when the now unbearded stranger suddenly swung about and struck Del Mar full in the face. It sent him reeling back into the duct

The engine of the car had been running, and before Del Mar could recover consciousness, the stranger had shot the car ahead, leaving Del Mar prone in the road-

wav.

The train, with Bailey on it, had not gained much speed, yet it was a perilous undertaking to leap. Still, it was more so now to remain. The baggageman stirred. It was now a case of murder or a quick getaway. There was no time for any middle course.

Bailey jumped.

Scratched and bruised and shaken, he scrambled to his feet in the briars along the track. He staggered up to the road, pulled himself together, then hurried back as fast as his barked shins would let him.

He came to the spot which he recognised as that where he had thrown off the trunk. He saw the

trampled and broken bushes, and made for the road. He had not gone far when he saw, far down, Del Mar suddenly attacked and thrown down, apparently

by his own chauffeur. Bailey ran forward, but it was too late. The car was gone. As he came up, Del Mar, lying outstretched in the

road, was just recovering consciousness. "What was the matter?" he asked. "Was he a

traitor ? " He caught sight of the real chauffeur on the ground.

stripped.

Del Mar was furious. "No," he swore, "it was that confounded grey friar again, I think. And he has the trunk, too!"

Speeding up the road the former masquerader and motor-cyclist stopped at last.

Eagerly he leaped out of Del Mar's car and dragged the trunk over the side regardless of the enamel.

It was the work of only a moment for him to break

the lock with a pocket jimmy.

One after another he pulled out and shook the clothes until frocks and gowns and lingerie lay strewn all about.

But there was not a thing in the trunk that even

But there was not a thing in the trunk remotely resembled the torpedo model.

The stranger scowled.

Where was it ?

## CHAPTER III

### " THE VANISHING MAN"

DEL MAR had evidently, by this time, come to the conclusion that Elaine was the storm centre of the peculiar train of events that followed the disappearance

of Kennedy and his wireless torpedo.

At any rate, as soon as he learned that Elaine was going to her country home for the summer, he took a bungalow some distance from Dodge Hall. In fact, it was more than a bungalow, for it was a pretentious place surrounded by a wide lawn and beautiful, shady trees.

There, on the day that Elaine decided to motor in from the city. Del Mar arrived with his valet.

Evidently he lost no time in getting to work on his own affairs, whatever they might be. Inside his study, which was the largest room in the house, a combination of both library and laboratory, he gave an order or two to his valet, then immediately sat down to his new desk. He opened a drawer and took out a long hollow cylinder, closed at each end by air-tight caps, on one of which was a hook.

Quickly he wrote a note and read it over: "Install submarine bell in place of these clumsy tubes. Am having harbour and bridges mined as per instructions

from Government.—D."

He unscrewed the cap at one end of the tube, inserted the note, and closed it. Then he pushed a button on his desk. A panel in the wall opened, and one of the men who had played policeman once for him stepped out and saluted. 34 "Here's a message to send below," said Del Mar

briefly. The man bowed and went back through the panel,

closing it. Del Mar cleaned up his desk and then went out to look his new quarters over, to see whether everything

had been prepared according to his instructions.

From the concealed entrance to a cave on a hillside, Del Mar's man who had gone through the panel in the bungalow appeared a few minutes later and hurried down to the shore. It was a rocky coast with stretches of cliffs and now and then a ravine and bit of sandy beach. Gingerly he climbed down the rocks to the water.

He took from his pocket the metal tube which Del Mar had given him and to the hook on one end attached a weight of lead. A moment he looked about cautiously. Then he threw the tube into the water, and it sank quickly. He did not wait, but hurried back into the cave entrance.

Elaine, Aunt Josephine, and I motored down to Dodge Hall from the city. Elaine's country house was on a fine estate near the Long Island Sound, and after the long run we were glad to pull up before the big house and get out of the car. As we approached the door. I happened to look down the road.

"Well, that's the country, all right," I exclaimed, pointing down the road. "Look."

Lumbering along was a huge heavy hay rack on top of which perched a farmer chewing a straw. Following along after him was a dog of a peculiar shepherd breed which I did not recognise. Atop of the hay the old fellow had piled a trunk and a basket.

To our surprise, the hay rack stopped before the "Miss Dodge?" drawled the farmer nasally.

"Why, what do you suppose he can want?" asked Elaine, moving out toward the wagon, while we followed. " Yes ? "

"Here's a trunk, Miss Dodge, with your name on

it," he went on, dragging it down. "I found it down by the railroad track.

It was the trunk marked "E. Dodge" which had been thrown off the train, taken by Del Mar, and rifled

by the motor-cyclist. "How do you suppose it ever got here?" cried

Elaine in wonder. "Must have fallen off the train," I suggested. "You might have collected the insurance under this new

haggage law!"

Jennings," called Elaine. "Get Patrick and carry the trunk in." Together the butler and the gardener dragged it off. "Thank you," said Elaine, endeavouring to pay the

"No. no. Miss," he demurred, as he clucked to his

horses. We waved to the old fellow. As he started to drive

away, he reached down into the basket and drew out some vellow harvest apples. One at a time he tossed them to us as he lumbered off.

"Truly rural," remarked a voice behind us.

It was Del Mar, all togged up and carrying a magazine in his hand.

We chatted a moment, then Elaine started to go into the house with Aunt Josephine. With Del Mar I

followed

As she went Elaine took a bite of the apple. To her surprise it separated neatly into two hollow halves. She looked inside. There was a note. Carefully she unfolded it and read. Like the others, it was not written but printed in pencil:

Be careful to unpack all your trunks yourself. Destroy this note.-A FRIEND.

What did these mysterious warnings mean, she asked herself in amazement. Somehow so far they had worked out all right. She tore up the note and threw the pieces away.

Del Mar and I stopped for a moment to talk I did not notice that he was not listening to me but

surreptitiously watching Elaine.

Elaine went into the house, and we followed. Del Mar, however, dropped just a bit behind and, as he came to the place where Elaine had thrown the pieces of paper, dropped his magazine. He stooped to pick it up and gathered the pieces, then rejoined us.

"I hope you'll excuse me," said Elaine brightly. "We've just arrived, and I haven't a thing unpacked."

Del Mar bowed, and Elaine left us. Aunt Josephine followed shortly. Del Mar and I sat down at a table. As he talked he placed the magazine in his lap beneath the table, on his knees. I could not see, but he was in reality secretly putting together the torn note which the farmer had thrown to Elaine. Finally he managed to fit all the pieces. A glance

down was enough. But his face betrayed nothing. Still under the table, he swept the pieces into his pocket and rose.

"I'll drop in when you are more settled," he excused himself, strolling leisurely out again.

Up in the bedroom Elaine's maid, Marie, had been unpacking.

"Well, what do you know about that?" she exclaimed as Jennings and Patrick came dragging in the

banged-up trunk.
"Very queer," remarked Jennings, detailing the

little he had seen, while Patrick left

The entrance of Elaine put an end to the interesting gossip, and Marie started to open the trunk.

"No, Marie," said Elaine, "I'll unpack them

myself. You can put the things away later. You and Jennings may go."

Quickly she took the things out of the battered trunk. Then she started on the other trunk, which was like it but not marked. She threw out a couple of garments, then paused, startled.

There was the lost torpedo-where Bertholdi had

stuck it in her haste! Elaine picked it up and looked at it in wonder as it recalled all those last days before Kennedy was lost. For the moment she did not know quite what to make of it. What should she do?

Finally she decided to lock it up in the bureau drawer and tell me. Not only did she lock the drawer but, as she left her room, she took the key of the door from

the lock inside and locked it outside.

Del Mar did not go far from the house, however. He scarcely reached the edge of the grounds, where he was sure he was not observed, when he placed his fingers to his lips and whistled. An instant later two of his men appeared from behind a hedge.

"You must get into her room," he ordered.

torpedo is in her luggage somewhere, after all."

They bowed and disappeared again into the shrubbery. while Del Mar turned and retraced his steps to the house.

In the rear of the house the two emissaries of Del Mar stole out of the shelter of some bushes and stood for a moment looking. Elaine's windows were high above them, too high to reach. There seemed to be no way to get to them, and there was no ladder in

"We'll have to use the Dutch house-man's method." decided one.

Together they went around the house toward the laundry. It was only a few minutes later that they returned. No one was about. Quickly one of them took off his coat. Around his waist he had wound a coil of rope. Deftly he began to climb a tree whose upper branches fell over the roof. Cat-like he made his way out along a branch and managed to reach the roof. He proceeded along the ridge pole to a chimney which was directly behind and in line with Elaine's windows. Then he uncoiled the rope and made one end fast to the chimney. Letting the other end fall free down the roof, he carefully lowered himself over the edge. Thus it was not difficult to get into Elaine's room by stepping on the window-sill and going through the open window.

The man began a rapid search of the room, turning up and pawing everything that Elaine had unpacked. Then he began on the little writing-desk, the dresser, and the bureau drawers. A subtle smile flashed over his face as he came to one drawer that was locked. He pulled a sectional jimmy from his coat and forced it open.

There lay the precious torpedo.

The man clutched at it with a look of exultation. Without another glance at the room he rushed to the window, seized the rope, and pulled himself to the roof, going as he had come.

It did not take me long to unpack the few things I had brought, and I was soon back again in the living-room, where Aunt Josephine joined me in a few minutes.

Just as Elaine came hurriedly down the stairway and started toward me, Del Mar entered from the porch. She stopped. Del Mar watched her closely. Had she found anything? He was sure of it.

Her hesitation was only for a moment, however. "Walter," she said, "may I speak to you a moment?

Excuse us, please ? "

Aunt Josephine went out toward the back of the house to see how the servants were getting on, while I followed Elaine upstairs. Del Mar with a bow seated himself and opened his magazine. No sooner had we gone, however, than he laid it down and cautiously

followed us.

Elaine was evidently very much excited as she entered her dainty little room and closed the door.

entered her dainty little room and closed the door "Walter," she cried, "I've found the torpedo!"

We looked about at the general disorder. "Why," she exclaimed nervously, "some one has been here—and I locked the door, too."

She almost ran over to her bureau drawer. It had been jimmied open in the few minutes while she was downstairs. The torpedo was gone. We looked at each other, aghast.

each other, agnast.

Behind us, however, we did not see the keen and watchful eyes of Del Mar, opening the door and peering in. As he saw us, he closed the door softly, went downstairs and out of the house.

About half a mile down the road, the farmer abandoned his hay rack, and now, followed by his peculiar dog, walked back. He stopped at a point in the road where he could see the Dodge house in the distance, sat on the rail fence and lighted a blackened corn-cob pipe.

There he sat for some time apparently engrossed in his own thoughts about the weather, the dog lying at his feet. Now and then he looked fixedly toward Dodge Hall.

Suddenly his vagrant attention seemed to be riveted on the house. He drew a field-glass from his pocket and levelled it. Sure enough, there was a man coming out of a window, pulling himself up to the roof by a rope and going across the roof tree. He lowered the glasses quickly and climbed off the fence with a hitherto unwonted energy.

"Come, Searchlight," he called to the dog, as together they moved off quickly in the direction he had been looking

Del Mar's men were coming through the hedge that surrounded the Dodge estate just as the farmer and his dog stepped out in front of them from behind a thicket

"Just a minute," he called. "I want to speak to

He enforced his words with a vicious-looking gun. It was two to one, and they closed with him. Before he could shoot, they had knocked the gun out of his hand. Then they tried to break away and run.

But the farmer seized one of them and held him, Meanwhile the dog developed traits all his own. He ran in and out between the legs of the other man until he threw him. There he stood, over him. The man attempted to rise. Again the dog threw him and kept him down. He was a trained Belgian sheep hound, a splendid police dog.

"Confound the brute," growled the man, reaching

for his gun.

As he drew it, the dog seized his wrist, and with a cry the man dropped the gun. That, too, was part of

the dog's training.

While the farmer and the other man struggled on the ground, the torpedo worked its way half from the man's pocket. The farmer seized it. The man fell back, limp, and the farmer, with the torpedo in one hand, grasped at the gun on the ground and straightened up.

He had no sooner risen than the man was at him

again. His unconsciousness had been merely feigned.

The struggle was renewed.

At that point, the hedge down the road parted and Del Mar stepped out. A glance was enough to tell him what was going on. He drew his gun and ran swiftly toward the combatants.

As Del Mar approached, his man succeeded in knocking the torpedo from the farmer's hand. There it lay,

several feet away. There seemed to be no chance for

either man to get it.

Quickly the farmer bent his wrist, aiming the gun
deliberately at the precious torpedo. As fast as he
could he pulled the trigger. Five of the six shots

could he pulled the trigger. Five of the six shots penetrated the little model.

So surprised was his antagonist that the farmer was she to be the country of the country of the country.

so suppose was his antagonist that the farmer was able to knock him out with the libut of his gun. He broke away and fled, whistling on a police whistle for the dog just as Del Mar ran up. A couple of shots from Del Mar flew wide as the farmer and his dog dis-

appeared.

Del Mar stopped and picked up the model. It had been shot into an unrecognisable mass of scrap. In a fury, Del Mar dashed it on the ground, cursing his men as he did so.

The strange disappearance of the torpedo model from Flaine's room worried both of us. Doubtless if Kennedy had been there he would have known just what to do. But we could not decide.

"Really," considered Elaine, "I think we had better take Mr. Del Mar into our confidence."

"Still, we have had a good many warnings," I objected.

"I know that," she persisted, "but they have all

come from very unreliable sources."
"Very well," I agreed finally, "Del Mar may help

us : let's drive over to his bungalow."

Elaine ordered her little runabout, and a few moments later we climbed into it and Elaine shot the car away.

As we drove along, the country seemed so quiet that no one would ever have suspected that foreign agents lurked about. But it was just under such a cover that the nefarious bridge and harbour-mining work ordered by Del Mar's superiors was going ahead quietly.

As our car climbed a hill on the other side of which, in the valley, was a bridge, we could not see one of Del Mar's men in hiding at the top. He saw us, however, and immediately wigwagged with his handkerchief to several others down at the bridge where they were attaching a pair of wires to the planking.

"Some one coming," muttered one who was evidently

a lookout.

The men stopped work immediately and hid in the brush. Our car passed over the bridge, and we saw nothing wrong. But no sooner had we gone than the men crept out and resumed work. They had progressed to the point where they were ready to carry the wires of an electric connection through the grass, concealing them as they went.

In the study of his bungalow, all this time, Del Mar was striding angrily up and down, while his men waited in silence.

Finally he paused and turned to one of them.

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that the coast is clear and kept clear," he ordered. " I want to go down."

The man saluted and went out through the panel. A moment later Del Mar gave some orders to the other man, who also saluted and left the house by the front

door, just as our car pulled up.

Del Mar, the moment the man was gone, put on his hat and moved toward the panel in the wall. He was about to enter when he heard some one coming down the hall to the study, and stepped back, closing the panel. It was the butler announcing us.

We had entered Del Mar's bungalow and now were conducted to his library. There Elaine told him the whole story, much to his apparent surprise, for Del

Mar was a wonderful actor.

"You see," he said, as she finished telling of the finding and the losing of the torpedo, "just what I had feared would happen has happened. Doubtless the foreign agents have the deadly weapon now. However, I'll not give in. Perhaps we may run them down vet."

He reassured us, and we thanked him as we said good-bye. Outside, Elaine and I got into the car again and a moment later spun off, making a little detour first through the country before hitting the shore

road back again to Dodge Hall. Meanwhile, on the rocky shore of the promontory, several men were engaged in sinking a peculiar heavy disc which they submerged about ten or twelve feet. It was held by a cable and wires were attached to it.

so that when a key was pressed a circuit was closed.

It was an "oscillator"—a new system for the employment of sound for submarine signalling, using water instead of air as a medium to transmit sound waves. It was composed of a ring magnet, a copper tube lying in an air-gap in a magnetic field, and a stationary central armature. The tube was attached to a steel diaphragm. Really it was a submarine bell which could be used for telegraphing or telephoning both ways through water.

The men finished executing the directions of Del Mar, and having carefully concealed the land connections and the key of the bell, left the spot while we were still at Del Mar's.

We had no sooner gone, however, than one of the men who had been engaged in installing the submarine bell entered the library.

"Well?" demanded Del Mar.

"The bell is installed, sir," he said. "It will be working soon."

"Good," nodded Del Mar.

He went to a drawer and from it took a peculiar looking helmet to which was attached a sort of harness designed to fit over the shoulders and carrying a small tank of oxygen. The head-piece was a most weird contrivance, having what looked like a huge glass eye in front. The whole outfit was in reality a submarine life-saving apparatus.

Del Mar put it on, all except the helmet, which he carried under his arm; and then, with his assistant, went out through the panel in the wall. Through the underground passage the two groped their way, lighted by an electric torch, until at last they came to the entrance hidden in the underbrush, near the shore.

Del Mar went over to the concealed station from which the submarine bell was sounded and pressed the key as a signal. Then he adjusted the submarine helmet to his head and deliberately waded out into the water, farther and farther, up to his neck, then deeper still, until the waves closed over him.

As he disappeared, his emissary turned and went back towards the shore road.

The drive through the country and back to the shore road from Del Mars' was pleasant. We were spinning along at a fast pace when we came to a rocky part of the coast. As we made a turn a sharp breeze took off my hat and whirled it far off the road and among the rocks of the shore. Elaine shut down the engine, with

a laugh, and we left the car by the roadside while we

climbed down the rocks after the hat

It had been carried into the water, close to shore. Still laughing, we clambered over the rocks. Elaine insisted on getting it herself, and in fact did get it. She was just about to hand it to me, when something bobbed up in the water just in front of us. She reached for it and fished it out. It was a cylinder with air-tight caps on both ends, in one of which was a hook.

"What do you suppose it is?" she asked, looking it over as we made our way up the rocks again to the car. "Where did it come from?"

We did not see a man standing by our car, but he

saw us. It was Del Mar's man, who had paused on his way to watch us. As we approached he hid on the other side of the road. By this time we had reached the car and opened the

cylinder. Inside was a note which read :

# Chief arrived safely. Keep watch.

To this was added something in cipher which might or might not be of vast importance; we could not tell At all events, I thought I recognised the principle of the cipher, and did not doubt that an hour's application would reveal the secret message.

"What does it mean?" asked Elaine, mystified. Neither of us could guess, and I doubt whether we would have understood any better if we had seen a sinister face peering at us from behind a rock near-by. He was handling a revolver as if about to fire, but, changing his mind, put it away in favour of a method less risky.

We climbed into the car and started again. As we drove off the man came from behind the rocks and ran quickly up to the top of the hill. There, from the bushes, he pulled out a peculiar instrument composed of a strange series of lenses and mirrors set up on a tripod.

Eagerly he placed the tripod, adjusting the lenses and mirrors in the sunlight. Then he began working them, and it was apparent that he was flashing light beams, using a Morse code. It was a heliograph.

Down the shore on the top of the next full sat the man who had already given the signal with the hand-kerchief to those in the valley who were working on the mining of the bridge. As he sat there, his eye caught the flash of the heliograph signal. He sprang up and watched intently. Rapidly he jotted down the message that was being flashed in the sunlight:

"Dodge girl has message from below. She and Jameson coming in car. Blow first bridge they cross. . . ."

Down the valley the lookout, without waiting for more. made his way as fast as he could. As he approached the two men who had been mining the bridge, he whistled sharply. They answered and hurried to meet him.

"Just got a heliograph," he panted. "The Dodge girl must have picked up one of the messages that came from below. She and Jameson are coming over the bridge now in a car. We've got to blow up the bridge as they cross. Dangerous to attempt holding her up in daylight on the highway. Wreck the bridge, and they'll never be missed."

The men were hurrying now toward the bridge which they had mined. Not a moment was to be lost, for already they could see us coming over the crest of the hill

In a few seconds they reached the hidden plunger fring-box which had been arranged to explode the charge under the bridge. There they crouched in the brush ready to press the plunger the moment our car touched the planking.

One of the men crept out a little nearer the road. "They're coming!" he called back, dropping down again. "Get ready!"

Del Mar's emissaries had not reckoned, however,

that any one else might be about to whom the helio-

graph was an open book.

But, farther over on the hill, hiding among the trees, the old farmer and his dog were sitting quietly. The old man was sweeping the Sound with his glasses, as if

he expected to see something any moment.

To his surprise, however, he caught a flash of the heliograph from the land. Quickly he turned and jotted down the signals. As he did so, he seemed greatly excited, for the message read:

"Dodge girl has message from below. She and Jameson coming in car. Blow first bridge they cross. Safest method of dispatch under the circumstances."

Quickly he turned his glasses down the road. There he could see our car rapidly approaching. He put up his glasses and hurried down the hill toward the bridge.

Then he broke into a run, the dog scouting ahead.

We were going along the road nicely now, coasting down the hill. As we approached the bridge, the farmer, who had been running down the hill, saw us.

"Stop!" he shouted.

But we did not hear. He ran after us, but such a chase was hopeless. He stopped, in despair.

With a gesture of vexation he took a step or two

mechanically off the road.

Elaine and I were coming fast to the bridge now. In their hiding-place, Del Mar's men were watching breathlessly. The leader was just about to press the plunger when all of a sudden a branch in the thicket beside him crackled. There stood the farmer and his dog!

Instantly the farmer seemed to take in the situation. With a cry he threw himself at the man who had the plunger. Another man leaped at the farmer. The dog settled him. The others piled in and a terrific struggle followed. It was all so rapid that, to all, seconds seemed like hours.

We were just starting to cross the bridge.

One of the men broke away and crawled toward the plunger box.

Our car was now in the middle of the bridge.

Over and over rolled the men, the dog doing his best to help his master. The man who had broken away reached toward the plunger.

With a shout he pushed it down.

Our car had just cleared the bridge when we were startled by a terrific roar behind us. It was as though a thousand tires had burst at once. Elaine shut off the engine and we looked back.

The whole bridge had been blown up. A second

before we had been in the middle of it.

As the explosion came, the men who had been struggling in the thicket, paused, startled, and stared out. At that instant the old farmer saw his chance. It was all over and he bolted, calling the dog.

Along the road to the bridge he ran, two of the men after him.

"Come back," growled the leader. "Let him go. Do you want us all to get caught?" As the farmer ran up to the bridge, he saw it in ruins.

But down the road he could see Elaine and myself. sitting in the car, staring back at the peril which we had so narrowly escaped. His face lighted up in as great joy as a few moments before it had showed despair.

"What can that have been?" asked Elaine, starting

to get out of the car. "What caused it?"

"I don't know," I returned, taking her arm firmly. "But enough has happened to-day. If it was intended for us, we'd better not stop. Some one might take a shot at us. Come. We have the car. We can get out before any one does anything more. Let's do it. Things are going on about us of which we know nothing. The safest thing is to get away."

Elaine looked at the bridge in ruins, and shuddered. It was the closest we could have been to death. She turned to the wheel quickly and the little car fairly

jumped ahead.

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"Oh, if Craig were only here," she murmured. "He would know what to do."

would know what to do."

As we disappeared over the crest of the next hill, safe, the old farmer and his dog looked hard at us. The silence after the explosion was ominous. He glanced about. No one was pursuing him. That seemed ominous too. But if they did pursue he was prepared to elude them. They must never recognise the old farmer. He plunged again into the woods and was lost to sight.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE SUBMARINE HARBOUR"

It was not long after the almost miraculous escape of Elaine and myself from the blowing up of the bridge on the shore road that Del Mar returned from his mysterious mission which had, apparently, taken him

actually down to the bottom of the sea.

The panel in the wall of his library opened, and in the still dripping submarine suit, holding under his arm the weird belmet. Del Mar entered. No sooner had he begun to remove his wet diving-suit than the man who signalled with the heliograph that we had found Del Mar's message from "below," whatever that might mean, entered the house and was announced by the valet

"Let him come in immediately," ordered Del Mar,

placing his suit in a closet. Then to the man, as he entered, he said, "Well, what's new?"

"Quite a bit," returned the man, frowning still over Elaine's accidental discovery of the under-water communication. "The Dodge girl happened to pick up one of the tubes with a message just after you went down. I tried to get her by blowing up the bridge, but it didn't work, somehow."

"We'll have to silence her," remarked Del Mar angrily, with a sinister frown. "You stay here and

wait for orders"

A moment later he made his way down to a private dock on his grounds and jumped aboard a trim little speed boat moored there. He started the motor and off the boat feathered in a cloud of spray.

It was only a moment by water before he reached the Dodge dock. There he tied his boat and hurried up the dock.

When Elaine and I arrived home we were in doubt at first just what to do about the mysterious message

which we had picked up in the harbour.

"Really, Walter," remarked Elaine, after we had considered the matter for some time, "I think we ought to send that message to the government at Washington."

Already she had seated herself at her desk, and now began to write, while I examined the metal tube and the note again. No doubt it would be the wisest course, I thought, to send it off at once without waiting to unravel the cipher. Headquarters would see to that. "There," said Elaine at length, handing me the

"There," said Elaine at length, handing me the note she had written, "how does that read?"

I read it while she addressed the envelope. "Very

good," I replied, handing it back.

She folded it and shoved it into the envelope on which she had written:

Chief, Secret Service.

Washington, D. C.

I was studying the address, wondering whether this was just the thing to do, when Elaine decided the matter by energetically ringing the bell for Jennings.

"Post that, Jennings, please," she directed.

The butler bowed just as the door-bell rang. He

turned to go.

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "I think perhaps
I'd better mail it myself, after all."

He handed me the letter and went out.

"Yes, Walter," agreed Elaine, "that would be better. Register it, too."
"How do you do?" greeted a suave voice.

It was Del Mar. As he passed me to speak to Elaine,

apparently by accident, he knocked the letter from

my hand. "I beg your pardon," he apologised, quickly stooping

and picking it up.

Though he managed to read the address, he maintained his composure and handed the letter back to me. I started to go out, when Elaine called to me.

"Excuse me just a moment, Mr. Del Mar?" she

queried, accompanying me out on the porch. Already a saddle horse had been brought around

for me "Perhaps you'd better put a special delivery stamp on it, too, Walter," she added, walking along with me.

" And be very careful."

" I will," I promised, as I rode off, Del Mar, alone, seized the opportunity to go over quietly to the telephone. It was the work of only a moment to call up his bungalow where the emissary who had placed the submarine bell was waiting for orders. Quickly Del Mar whispered his instructions and hung up the receiver.

"I hope you'll pardon me," said Elaine, entering just as Del Mar left the telephone. "Mr. Jameson was going into town and I had a number of little things

I wanted him to do. Won't you sit down?"

They chatted for a few moments, but Del Mar did not stay very long. He excused himself shortly and Elaine bade him good-bye at the door as he walked off down the road I had taken.

Del Mar's emissary hurried from the bungalow and ran down the road until he came to a spot where two

men were hiding.

"Jameson is coming with a letter which the Dodge girl has written to the Secret Service," he cried, pointing excitedly up the road. "You've got to get it,

I was cantering along nicely down the road by the shore, when suddenly, from behind some rocks and bushes, three men leaped out at me. One of them seized the horse's bridle, while the other two quickly

dragged me out of the saddle.

It was very unexpected, but I had time enough to draw my gun and fire once. I hit one of the men, too. in the arm, and he staggered back, the blood spurting all over the road.

But before I could fire at the others, they knocked the gun from my hand. Frightened, the horse turned

and bolted, riderless,

Together, they dragged me off the road and into the thicket, where I was tied and gagged and laid on the ground, while one of them bound up the wounded arm of the man I had hit. It was not long before one

of them began searching me. "Aha!" he growled, pulling the letter from my pocket and looking at it with satisfaction. "Here it is." He tore the letter open, threw the envelope on the

ground, and read the message.

"There, confound you," he muttered. government 'll never get that. Come on, men. Bring

him this way." He shoved the letter into his pocket and led the way through the underbrush, while the others half-

dragged, half-pushed me along. We had not gone very far before one of the three men, who appeared to be the leader, paused. "Take him to the hang-out," he ordered gruffly.

" I'll have to report to the Chief."

He disappeared down toward the shore of the harbour. while the others prodded me along.

Down near the Dodge dock, along the shore, walked a man wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a plain suit of duck. His prim collar and tie comported well with his smoked glasses. Instinctively one would have called him "Professor," though whether naturalist, geologist, or plain "bugologist," one would have had difficulty in determining.

He seemed, as a matter of fact, to be a naturalist, for he was engrossed in picking up specimens. But he

was not so much engrossed as to fail to hear the approach of footsteps down the gravel walk from Dodge Hall to the dock. He looked up in time to see Del Mar coming, and quietly slipped into the shrubbery up on the shore.

On the dock, Del Mar stood for some minutes, waiting, Finally, along the shore came another figure. It was the emissary to whom Del Mar had telephoned and who had searched me. The naturalist drew back into

his hiding-place, peering out keenly.
"Well?" demanded Del Mar. "What luck?"

"We've got him," returned the man, with brief "Here's the letter she was sending to the Secret Service."

Del Mar seized the note which the man handed to him and read it eagerly. "Good!" he exclaimed. "That would have put an end to the whole operations

about here. Come on. Get into the boat."

For some reason best known to himself, the naturalist seemed to have lost all interest in his specimens and to have a sudden curiosity about Del Mar's affairs. As the motor-boat sped off, he came slowly and cautiously out of his hiding-place and gazed fixedly at Del Mar.

No sooner had Del Mar's boat got a little distance out into the harbour than the naturalist hurried down the Dodge dock. There was tied Elaine's own fast little runabout. He jumped into it and started the engine, following quickly in Del Mar's wake,

Look!" called the emissary to Del Mar, spying the Dodge boat with the naturalist in it, skimming rapidly

after them.

Del Mar strained his eves back through his glass at the pursuing boat. But the naturalist, in spite of his smoked glasses seemed not to have impaired his eyesight by his studies. He caught the glint of the sun on the lens at Del Mar's eye and dropped down into the bottom of his own boat, where he was at least safe from scrutiny if his boat were not.

Del Mar lowered his glass. "That's the Dodge

boat." he said thoughtfully. "I don't like the looks of that fellow. Give her more speed,"

Del Mar had not been gone long before Elaine decided to take a ride herself. She ordered her horse round from the stables while she donned her neat little ridinghabit. A few minutes later, as the groom held the horse, she mounted and rode away, choosing the road by which I had gone, expecting to meet me on the return from town

She was galloping along at a good pace when sud-

denly her horse shied at something and reared.

"Whoa, Buster," pacified Elaine.

But it was of no use. Buster still reared up. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked. do vou see ? "

She looked down at the ground. There was a small

pool of blood in the dust. Buster was one of those

horses to whom the sight of blood is terrifying. Elaine pulled up beside the road. There was a revolver lying in the grass. She dismounted and picked it up. No sooner had she looked at it than she

picked it up. No sooner had she looked at it than she discovered the initials "W. J." carved on the butt. 
"Walter Jameson!" she exclaimed, realising suddenly that it was mine. "It's been fired, too!" 
Her eye fell again on the blood spots. "Blood and

-footprints-into the brush!" she gasped in horror, following the trail. "What could have happened to Walter?"

With the revolver, Elaine followed where the bushes were trampled down until she came to the place where I had been bound. There she spied some pieces of

paper lying on the ground and picked them up. She put them together. They were pieces of the

envelope of the letter which we had decided to send to Washington. "Which way did they take him?" she asked, looking

all about but discovering no trail. She was plainly at a loss what course to pursue.

"What would Craig do?" she asked herself.

Finding no answer, she stood thinking a moment. slowly tearing the envelope to pieces. If she were to do anything at all, it must be done quickly. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to her. She threw the pieces of paper into the air and let them blow away. It was unscientific detection, perhaps, but the wind actually took them and carried them in the direction in which the men had forced me to walk.
"That's it!" cried Elaine to herself. "I'll follow

that direction."

Meanwhile, the men had hurried me off along a trail that led to the foot of a cliff. Then the trail wound up the cliff. We climbed it until we reached the top.

There in the rock was a rude stairway. I drew back. But one man drew a gun and the other preceded me down. Along the steep stone steps cut out in the face of the rock they forced me.

Below: in a rift in the very wall of the cliff, was a cave in which already were two more of Del Mar's men.

talking in low tones, in the dim light. As we made our way down the breakneck stairway. the foremost of my captors stepped on a large flat rock.

As he did so, it gave way slightly under his foot, A light in the cave flashed up. Under the rock was

a secret electric connection which controlled a lamp.

"Some one coming," muttered the two men, on guard instantly.

It was a somewhat precarious footing as we descended. and for the moment I was more concerned for my safety from a fall than anything else. Once my foot did slip and a shower of pebbles and small pieces of rock started down the face of the cliff.

As we passed down, the man behind me, still keeping me covered, raised the flat stone on the top step. Carefully, he reset the connection of the alarm rock, a series of metal points that bent under the weight of a person and made a contact which signalled down in the cavern the approach of any one who did not know the secret.

As he did so, the light in the cavern went out. "It's

all right," said one of the men down there, with a look of relief.

We now went down the perilous stairway until we

came to the cave. "I've got a prisoner—orders of the Chief." growled

one of my captors, thrusting me in roughly.

They forced me into a corner where they tied me

again, hand and foot. Then they began debating, in low, sinister tones, what was to be done with me next. Once in a while I could catch a word. Fear made my senses hypersensitive.

They were arguing whether they should make away

with me now or later !

Finally the leader rose. "It's three to one," I heard him mutter. "He dies now."

He turned and took a menacing step toward me.

" Hands up ! "

It was a shrill, firm voice that rang out at the mouth of the cave as a figure cut off what little light there was.

Elaine passed along, hunting for the trail. Suddenly a shower of pebbles came falling down from a cliff above her. Some of them hit her and she looked up quickly.

There she could see me being led along by my captors. She hid in the brush and watched. During all the operations of the descent of the rock stairway and the resetting of the alarm, she continued to watch, straining her eyes to see what they were doing

As we entered the cave, she stepped out from her concealment and looked sharply up at us as we disappeared. Then she climbed the path up the cliff until she came to the flight of stone steps leading downward again.

Already she had seen the man behind me doing something with the stone that formed the top step. She stooped down and examined the stone. Carefully she raised it and looked underneath before stepping on it. There she could see the electric connection. She set

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the stone aside and looked again down the dangerous stairway.

It made her shudder. "I must get him," she murmured to herself. "Yes, I must. Even now it may be too late."

With a supreme effort of determination she got herself together, drew my gun, which she had picked up. and started down the cliff, stepping noiselessly.

At last Elaine came to the cave. She stood just aside from the door, gun in hand, and listened, aghast.

Inside she could hear voices of four men, and they were arguing whether they should kill me or not. It was four against one woman, but she did not falter.

They had just decided to make away with me immediately, and the leader had turned toward me with the threat still on his lips. It was now or never. Resolutely she took a step forward and into the cave. "Hands up!" she demanded firmly.

The thing was so unexpected in the security of their secret hiding-place protected by the rock alarm that, before they knew it, Elaine had them all lined up against the wall.

Keeping them carefully covered, she moved over toward me. She picked up a knife that lay near-by

and started to cut the ropes which held me. As she did so, one of the men, with an oath, leaped

forward to rush her. But Elaine was not to be caught off her guard. Instantly she fired. The man staggered back, and fell. That cooled the ardour of the other three considerably, especially now as I was free too. While she held

them up still, with their hands in the air, I went through their pockets, taking out their weapons.

Then, still keeping them covered, we backed out of the cave. Backward we made our way up the dangerous flight of steps again with guns levelled at the cave

entrance, Elaine going up first.

Once a head stuck itself out of the cave entrance. I fired instantly and it jerked itself back in again just in time. That was the only trouble we had, apparently.

Cautiously and slowly we made our way toward the top of the cliff.

One look backward from his motor-boat was enough for Del Mar. He must evade that inquisitive naturalist, He turned to his man.

"Get out that apparatus," he ordered.

The man opened a locker and brought out the curious submarine rescue helmet and suit. Del Mar took them up and began to put the suit on, stooping klown in the shelter of the boat so that his actions could not be seen by the naturalist in the pursuing boat.

The naturalist was all this time peering ahead keenly at Del Mar's boat, trying to make it out. He bent over and adjusted the engine to get up more speed and the

boat shot ahead faster.

By this time Del Mar had put on the submarine apparatus, all except the helmet, and was crouching low in the boat. Hastily he rolled a piece of canvas into the semblance of a body, put his coat and hat on it and set it on the seat which he had occupied before.

Just then Del Mar's boat ran round the promontory where Wu Fang had met the submarine that had brought Del Mar into the country and landed him so

strangely.

The boat slowed down under shelter of the rocks and Del Mar added a pair of heavy lead-soled shoes to his outfit in order to weight himself down. Finally he put on the helmet, let himself over the side of the boat and disappeared into the water.

His aide started the motor and the boat shot ahead again, with the dummy still occupying Del Mar's seat. As the boat swung out and made a wide, sweeping curve away from the point at which Del Mar had gone overboard, the naturalist in the Dodge boat came round the promontory and saw it, changing his course accordingly, and gaining somewhat.

Del Mar sank, upright and rapidly, down in the shallow water to the bottom. Once having his feet

on something approaching firm ground, he gazed about through the window-like eye of the helmet until he got his bearings. Then he began to walk heavily along the bottom of the harbour, over sand and rocks.

It was a strange walk that he took, half stumbling, slowly and cumbersomely groping his way like a queer

under-water animal.

If any one could have seen him, he would have noted that Del Mar was going toward the base of a huge rocky cliff that jutted far out into the harbour, where the water was deep, a dangerous point, avoided by craft of all kinds. Far over his head the waves beat on the rocks angrily. But down there, concealed beneath the surface of the harbour, was a sort of huge arch of stone, through which a comparatively rapid current ran as the tide ebbed and flowed.

Del Mar let himself be carried along with the current, which was now running in, and thus with comparative ease made his way, still groping, through the arch. Once under it and a few feet beyond, he deliberately kicked off the leaden-soled shoes, and, thus lightened,

rose rapidly to the surface of the water.

As he bobbed up, a strange sight met his eyes—not strange, however, to Del Mar. Above, the rocks formed a huge dome over the water which the tides forced in and out through the secret entrance through which he came. No other entrance, apparently, except that from the waters of the harbour, led to this peculiar den.

Lying quietly moored to the rocky piers lay three submarine boats. Farther back, on a ledge of rocks, blasted out, stood a little building, a sort of office or headquarters. Near-by was a shed where were kept gas and oil, supplies and ammunition, in fact everything that a submarine might need.

This was the reason for Del Mar's presence in the neighbourhood. It was the secret submarine harbour of the foreign agents who were operating in America!

Already a sentry, pacing up and down, had seen the

bubbles in the water that indicated that some one had come through the archway and was down "below," as

Del Mar and his men called it.

Gazing down, the sentry saw the queer helmeted figure float up from the bottom of the pool. He readed out and helped the figure clamber up out of the water to the ledge on which he stood. Del Mar saluted, and the sentry returned the secret salute, helping him remove the dripping helmet and suit.

A moment later, in the queer little submarine office, Del Mar had evidently planned to take up the nefarious secret work on which he was engaged. Several men of a naval and military bearing were seated about a table, already, studying maps and plans and documents of all descriptions. They did not seem to belong to any nation in particular. In fact, their uniforms, if such they might be called, were of a character to disguise their nationality. But that they were hostile to the country under which they literally had their hidden retreat, of that there could be no doubt.

How high Del Mar stood in their counsels could have been seen at a glance from the instant deference exhibited at the mere mention of his name by the sentry who entered with the submarine suittwhile Del Mar

got himself together after his remarkable trip.

The men at the council table rose and saluted as Del Mar himself entered. He returned the salute and quietly made his way to the head of the table, where he took a seat, naturally.

"This is the area in which we must work first of all," he began, drawing toward him a book and opening.

t. "And we must strike quickly, for if they heed the advice in this book, it may be too late for us to take advantage of their feelile, uppressurances."

advantage of their foolish unpreparedness."

It was a book entitled *Defenceless America*, written

by a great American inventor, Hudson Maxim.

Del Mar turned the pages until he came to and pointed out a map. The others gathered about him, leaning forward eagerly as he talked to them.

There, on the map, with a radius of some one hundred

and seventy miles, was drawn a big segment of a circle,

with Peekskill, New York, as a centre.
"That is the heart of America," said Del Mar earnestly. "It embraces New York, Boston, Philadelphia. But that is not the point. Here are the great majority of the gun and armour factories, the powder and cartridge works, together with the principal coal fields of Pennsylvania."

He brought his fist down decisively on the table. "If we hold this section," he declared, "we practically

hold America ! "

Eagerly the other emissaries listened as Del Mar laid before them the detailed facts which he was collecting for a mission more important than the mere capture of Kennedy's wireless torpedo, which had brought him into the country. Detail after detail of their plans they discussed as they worked out the gigantic scheme.

It was a war council of a secret advance guard of

the enemies of Amercia!

Meanwhile. Del Mar's man in his boat, cutting a wide circle and avoiding the Dodge boat carrying the naturalist, made his way across the harbour until he came to the shore

There he landed and proceeded up the beach to the foot of a rocky cliff, where he turned and followed a trail up it to the top. It was the same path already travelled by my captors with me and later followed by

Elaine

As he came stealthily out from under cover, Del Mar's man gazed down the stairway. He drew back at what he saw. Slowly he pulled a gun from his pocket, watching down the steps with tense interest. There he could see Elaine and myself, our backs toward him, as we covered the men in the cave.

So surprised was he at what he saw that he forgot that his boat below had been followed by the mysterious naturalist, who, the moment Del Mar's man had landed, put on the last burst of speed and ran the Dodge boat

close to the spot where the aide had left Del Mar's.

A glance into the boat sufficed to tell the naturalist that the figure in it was only a dummy. He did not pause, but followed the trail up the hill, until he was close after the emissary ahead, going more slowly.

Only a few feet farther along the cliff, the naturalist paused too, keeping well under cover, for the man was now just ahead of him. He looked fixedly at him and saw him gaze down the cliff. Then he saw him slowly draw a gun.

Who could be below? Quickly the naturalist's mind seemed to work. He crouched down, as if ready to

spring.

The emissary slowly raised his revolver and took careful aim at the back of Elaine and myself, as we

came up the steps.

But before he could pull the trigger, the naturalist, more like one of the wild animals which he studied than like a human being, sprang from his concealment in

the bushes and pounced on the man from behind, seizing him firmly.

Over and over they rolled, struggling almost to the

brink of the precipice.

Elaine and I had got almost to the top of the flight of steps, when suddenly we heard a shout above us and sounds of a terrific struggle. We turned, to see two men, neither of whom we knew, fighting. One seemed to be a professor of natural history from his dress and general appearance. The other had a sinister nondescript look:

Nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff they rolled. We crouched closer to the rocky wall, gazing up at the death grapple of the two. Who they were we did not know, but that one was fighting for and the other

against us we could readily see.

The more vicious of the two seemed to be forcing the naturalist slowly back, when, with a superhuman effort, the naturalist braced himself. His foot was actually on a small ledge of rock directly at the edge of the cliff. He swung around quickly and struck the other man. The vicious-looking man pitched headlong over the cliff.

We shrank back closer to the rock as the man hurtled through the air only a few feet from us. Down below,

we could hear him land with a sickening thud.

Far over the edge Elaine leaned in a sort of fascination at the awfu sight. For a moment, I thought the very imp of the perverse had got possession of her and that she herself would fall over. She brushed her hand unsteadily over her eyes and staggered. I caught her inst in time

It was only an instant before the brave girl recovered control of herself. Then, together, we started again to climb up.

As we did so the naturalist looked down and caught sight of us approaching: Hastily he hid in the bushes.

We reached the top of the stairway and gazed about

for the victor in the contest. To our surprise, he was gone.

"Come," I urged. "We had better get away

As Elaine and I disappeared, the naturalist slowly emerged again from the bushes and looked after us. Then he gave a hasty glance over the edge of the cliff at the man, twisted and motionless, far below.

If we had looked back we might have seen the naturalist shake his head in a manner strangely reminiscent as he turned and gazed again after us.

### CHAPTER V

### " THE CONSPIRATORS "

"You remember Lieutenant Woodward, the inventor of trodite?" I asked Elaine one day after I had been out for a ride through the country.

"Very well indeed," she nodded with a look of wistfulness as the mention of his name recalled Kennedy.

" Why?"

"He's stationed at Fort Dale, not very far from here, at the entrance of the Sound," I answered.

"Then let's have him over at my garden party tonight," she exclaimed, sitting down and writing.

DEAR LIEUTENANT.

I have just learned that you are stationed at Fort Dale and would like you to meet some of my friends at a little garden party I am giving to-night. Sincerely.

ÉLAINE DODGE.

Thus it was that a few hours afterward, in the officers' quarters at the Fort, an orderly entered with the mail and handed a letter to Lieutenant Woodward. He opened it and read the invitation with pleasure. He had scarcely finished reading and was hastening to write a reply when the orderly entered again and saluted.

"A Professor Arnold to see you, Lieutenant," he announced.

"Professor Arnold?" repeated Woodward. "I don't know any Professor Arnold. Well, show him in, any-

The orderly ushered in a well-dressed man with a dark, heavy beard and large horn spectacles. Woodward eyed him curiously and a bit suspiciously, as the stranger seated himself and made a few remarks.

The moment the orderly left the room, however, the professor lowered his voice to a whisper. Woodward listened in amazement, looked at him more closely.

then laughed and shook hands cordially.

The professor leaned over again. Whatever it was that he said, it made a great impression on the Lieutenant. "You know this fellow Del Mar?" asked Professor

Arnold finally.

"No," replied Woodward.

"Well, he's hanging around Miss Dodge all the time," went on Arnold. "There's something queer about his presence here at this time."

"I've an invitation to a garden party at her house

to-night," remarked Woodward.

"Accept," urged the professor, "and tell her you are bringing a friend."

Woodward resumed writing, and when he had finished nanded the note to the stranger, who read:

DEAR MISS DODGE,

I shall be charmed to be with you to-night, and with your permission will bring my friend, Professor Arnold. Truly yours,

Edward Woodward.

"Good," nodded the professor, handing the note back. Woodward summoned an orderly. "See that that is delivered at Dodge Hall to Miss Dodge herself as soon as possible," he directed, as the orderly took the note and saluted.

Elaine, Aunt Josephine, and I were in the garden when Lieutenant Woodward's orderly rode up and delivered the letter.

Elaine opened it and read. "That's all right," she said. "Lieutenant Woodward is coming to the garden party, and is going to bring a friend of his, a Professor Arnold."

We chatted a few moments about the party.

"Oh," exclaimed Elaine suddenly, "I have an idea."

"What is it?" we asked, smiling at her enthusiasm.
"We'll have a fortune-teller," she cried. "Aunt
Josephine, you shall play the part."

"All right, if you really want me," consented Aunt Josephine, smiling indulgently as we urged her.

Down in the submarine harbour that afternoon, Del

Mar and his men were seated about the conference table. "I've traced out the course and the landing points of the great Atlantic cable," he said. "We must cut it."

Del Mar turned to one of the men. "Take these plans to the captain of the steamer and tell him to

get ready," he went on. "Find out and send me word when the cutting can be done best." The man saluted and went out.

Leaving the submarine harbour in the usual manner,

he made his way to a dock on the shore around the promontory and near the village. Tied to it was a small tramp steamer. The man walked down the dock and climbed aboard the boat. There several roughlooking sailors were lolling and standing about. The emissary selected the captain, a more than ordinarily tough-looking individual. "Mr. Del Mar sends you the location of the Atlantic

cable and the place where he thinks it best to pick it

up and cut it," he said. The captain nodded. "I understand," he replied.

" I'll send him word later when it can be done best." A few minutes after dispatching his messenger. Del

Mar left the submarine harbour himself and entered his bungalow by way of the secret entrance. There he went immediately to his desk and picked up the mail that had accumulated in his absence. One letter he read :

DEAR MR. DEL MAR.

We shall be pleased to see you at a little garden party we are giving to-night. Sincerely.

ELAINE DODGE.

As he finished reading, he pushed the letter carelessly aside as though he had no time for such frivolity. Then an idea seemed to occur to him. He picked it up again and read it over.

" I'll go," he said to himself simply.

That night Dodge Hall was a blaze of lights and life, overflowing to the wide verandas and the garden. Guests in evening clothes were arriving from all parts of the summer colony and were being received by Elaine. Already some of them were dancing on the veranda.

Among the late arrivals were Woodward and his

friend, Professor Arnold,

"I'm so glad to know that you are stationed at Fort Dale," greeted Elaine. "I hope it will be for all the summer."

"I can't say how long it will be, but I shall make every effort to make it all the summer," he replied gallantly. "Let me present my friend, Professor

Arnold."

The professor bowed low and unprofessorially over Elaine's hand and a moment later followed Woodward out into the next room as the other guests arrived to be greeted by Elaine. For a moment, however, she looked after him curiously. Once she started to follow as though to speak to him. Just then, however. Del

Mar entered.
"Good evening," he interrupted suavely.

He stood for a moment with Elaine and talked.

One doorway in the house was draped and a tent had been erected in the room. Over the door was a sign which read: "The past and the future are an open book to Ancient Anna." There Aunt Josephie held forth in a most effective disguise as a fortune-teller.

Aunt Josephine had always had a curious desire to play the old hag in amateur dramatics, and now she had gratified her desire to the utmost. Probably none of the guests knew that Ancient Anna was in reality Elaine's guardian.

Elaine being otherwise occupied. I had selected one of the prettiest of the girls, and we were strolling through the house, seeking a quiet spot for a chat.

"Why don't you have your fortune told by Ancient Anna?" laughed my companion as we approached the tent.

"Do you tell a good fortune reasonably?" I joked.

entering.

"Only the true fortunes, young man," returned Ancient Anna severely, starting to read my palm. "You are very much in love." she went on. "but the lady is not in this tent."

Very much embarrassed, I pulled my hand away.

"How shocking!" mocked my companion, making believe to be very much annoyed. "I don't think I'll have my fortune told," she decided, and we left the room.

We sauntered along to the veranda, where another friend claimed my companion for a dance which she had promised. As I strolled on alone, Del Mar and Elaine were already finishing a dance. He left her a moment later and I hurried over, glad of the opportunity to see her at last.

Del Mar made his way alone among the guests and passed Aunt Tosephine disguised as the old hag seated before her tent. Just then a waiter came through with a tray of ices. As he passed, Del Mar stopped him, reached out and took an ice.

Under the ice, as he had known, was a note. He took the note surreptitiously, turned and presented the ice to Ancient Anna with a bow.

"Thank you, kind sir," she curtsied, taking it.

Del Mar stepped aside and glanced at the little slip of paper. Then he crumpled it up and threw it aside. walking away.

No sooner had he gone than Aunt Josephine reached out and picked up the paper. She straightened it and looked at it. There was nothing on the paper but a crude drawing of a sunrise on the ocean.

"What's that?" asked Aunt Iosephine, in surprise,

Just then Elaine and Lieutenant Woodward came in and stopped before the tent. Aunt Josephine motioned to Elaine to come in, and Elaine followed. Lieutenant Woodward started after her.

"No, no, young man," laughed Ancient Anna, shaking her forefinger at him, "I don't want you. It's the pretty young lady I want."

Woodward stood outside, though he did not know quite what it was all about. While he was standing there, Professor Arnold came up. He had not exactly made a hit with the guests. At least, he seemed to make little effort to do so. He and Woodward walked away, talking earnestly,

In the tent Aunt Josephine handed Elaine the piece

of paper she had picked up.

"What does it mean?" asked Elaine, studying the curious drawing in surprise.

"I'm sure I don't know," confessed Aunt Josephine, " Nor I."

Meanwhile Lieutenant Woodward and his friend had moved to a corner of the veranda and stood looking intently into the moonlight. There was Del Mar deep in conversation with a man who had slipped out, at a quiet signal, from his hiding-place in the shrubbery.

"That fellow is up to something, mark my words," muttered Arnold under his breath. "I'd like to make

an arrest, but I've got to have some proof,"

They continued watching Del Mar, but, so far at least, he did nothing that would have furnished them

any evidence of anything. So the party went on most merrily until, long after the guests had left, Elaine sat in her dressing-gown up

in her room, about to retire. Her maid had left her, and she picked up the slip of

paper from her dresser, looking at it thoughtfully. "What can a crude drawing of a sunrise on the sea

mean?" she asked herself.

For a long time she studied the paper, thinking it over. At last an idea came to her.

"I'll bet I have it," she exclaimed to herself. "Something is going to happen on the water at sunrise."

She took a pretty little alarm clock from the table,

set it, and placed it near her bed.

Peturning from the party to his library Del Ma

Returning from the party to his library, Del Marentered. Except for the moonlight streaming in through the windows the room was dark. He turned on the lights and crossed to the panel in the wall. As he touched a button the panel opened. Del Mar switched off the lights and went through the panel, closing it.

Outside, at the other end of the passageway, was one of his men, waiting in the shadows as Del Marcame up. For a moment they talked. "I'll be there, at sunrise," agreed Del Mar, as the man left and he re-entered the secret vassage.

While he was conferring, at the library window appeared a face. It was Professor Arnold's. Cautiously he opened the window and listened. Then he entered

entered.

First he went over to the door and set a chair under
the knob. Next he drew an electric pocket bull's-eye
and flashed it about the room. He glanced about and
finally went over to Del Mar's desk, where he examined

a batch of letters, his back to the secret panel.

Arnold was running rapidly through the papers on the desk, as he flashed his electric bull's-eye on them, when the panel in the wall opened slowly and Del Mar stepped into the room noiselessly. To his surprise, he saw a round spot of light from an electric flashlight focused on his desk. Some one was there! He drew a run.

Arnold started suddenly. He heard the cocking of a revolver. But he did not look around. He merget thought an instant, then quick as lightning pulled out a spool of black thread with one hand, while with other he switched off the light, and dived down on his stomach on the floor in the shadow.

"Who's that?" demanded Del Mar. "Confound it! I should have fired at sight."

The room was so dark now that it was impossible to see Arnold. Del Mar gazed intently. Suddenly Arnold's electric torch glowed forth in a spot across the room.

Del Mar blazed at it, firing every chamber of his

revolver, then switched on the lights.

No one was in the room. But the door was open. Del Mar gazed about, vexed, then ran to the open door.

For a second or two he peered out in rage, finally turning back into the empty room. On the mantel-piece lay the torch of the intruder. It was one in which the connection is made by a ring falling on a piece of metal. The ring had been left up by Arnold. Con-nection had been made as he was leaving the room by pulling the thread which he had fastened to the ring. Del Mar followed the thread as it led round the room to the doorway.

"Curse him!" swore Del Mar, smashing down the innocent torch on the floor in fury, as he rushed to

the desk and saw his papers all disturbed.

Outside, Arnold had made good his escape. He paused in the moonlight and listened. No one was pursuing. He drew out two or three of the letters which he had taken from Del Mar's desk, and hastily ran through them.

"Not a thing in them." he exclaimed, tearing them

up in disgust and hurrying away. At the first break of dawn the little alarm clock

awakened Elaine. She started up and rubbed her eyes at the suddenness of the awakening, then quickly reached out and stopped the bell so that it would not disturb others in the house. She jumped out of bed hurriedly and dressed

Armed with a spy glass, Elaine let herself out of the house quietly. Directly to the shore she went, walking along the beach. Suddenly she paused. There were three men. Before she could level her glass at them.

however, they disappeared.
"That's strange," she said to herself, looking through the glass. "There's a steamer at the dock that seems to be getting ready for something. I wonder what it

can be doing so early.

She moved along in the direction of the dock. At the dock the disreputable steamer to which Del Mar had dispatched his emissary was still tied, the sailors now working under the gruff orders of the rough captain. About a capstan were wound the turns of a long wire rope at the end of which was a three-pronged draghook

"You see," the captain was explaining, "we'll lower this book and drag it along the bottom. When it catches anything we'll just pull it up. I have the location of the cable. It ought to be easy to grapple:"

Already, on the shore, at an old deserted shack of a fisherman, two of Del Mar's men had been waiting since daybreak, having come in a dirty, dingy fishing

smack now anchored offshore.

"Is everything ready?" asked Del Mar, coming up. "Everything, sir." returned the two, following him

along the shore. "Who's that?" cautioned one of the men, looking

a head.

They hid hastily, for there was Elaine. She had seen the three and was about to level her glass in their direction as they hid. Finally she turned and discovered the steamer. As she moved toward it, Del Mar and the others came out from behind a rock and

stole after her.

Elaine wandered on until she came to the dock. No one paid any attention to her, apparently, and she made her way along the dock and even aboard the boat without being observed.

No sooner had she got on the boat, however, than Del Mar and his men appeared on the dock and also boarded the steamer.

The captain was still explaining to the men just

how the drag-hook worked when Elaine came up quietly on the deck. She stood spellbound as she heard him outline the details of the plot. Scarcely knowing what she did, she crouched behind a deckhouse and listened. Behind her, Del Mar and his men came along, cat-

like. A glance was sufficient to tell them that she had overheard what the captain was saying.

"Confound that girl!" ground out Del Mar. "Will she always cross my path? We'll get her this time!"

The men scattered as he directed them. Sneaking up quietly, they made a sudden rush and seized her. As she struggled and screamed, they dragged her off, thrusting her into the captain's cabin and locking the door.

"Cast off!" ordered Del Mar.

A few moments later, out in the harbour, Del Mar was busy directing the dragging for the Atlantic cable at a spot where it was known to run. They let the drag-hook down over the side and pulled it along slowly on the bottom.

In the cabin, Elaine beat on the door and shouted in vain for help.

I had decided to do some early morning fishing the day after the party, and knowing that Elaine and the others were usually late risers, I said nothing about it, determined to try my luck alone.

So it happened that only a few minutes after Elaine let herself out quietly, I did the same, carrying my fishing-tackle. I made my way toward the shore, undecided whether to fish from a dock or boat. Finally I determined to do some casting from the shore.

I had cast once or twice before I was aware that I was not alone in the immediate neighbourhood. Some distance away I saw a little steamer at a wharf. couple of men ran along the deck, apparently cautioning the captain against something.

Then I saw them run to one side and drag out a girl, screaming and struggling as they hurried her below.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was Elaine!

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Only a second I looked. They were certainly too many for me. I dropped my rod and line and ran toward the dock, however. As I came down it, I saw that I was too late. The little steamer had cast off and was now some distance from the dock. I looked about for a motor-boat in desperation-anything to follow them in. But there was nothing, absolutely nothing, not even a row-boat.

I ran back along the dock and struck out down the

shore.

Out at the parade grounds at Fort Dale, in spite of the early hour, there was some activity, for the army

is composed of early risers. Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold left the house in which the Lieutenant was quartered, where he had invited Arnold to spend the night. Already an orderly had brought round two horses. They mounted for an early morning ride through the

country. Off they clattered, naturally bending their course toward the shore. They came soon to a point in the road where it emerged from the hills and gave them a panoramic view of the harbour and Sound.

'Wait a minute," called the professor.

Woodward reined up and they gazed out over the water.

"What's that-an oyster boat?" asked Woodward,

looking in the direction Arnold indicated.

"I don't think so, so early," replied Arnold, pulling out his pocket glass and looking carefully.

Through it he could see that something like a hook was being cast over the steamer's side and drawn back

again.

"They're dragging for something," he remarked as they brought up an object dark and covered with seagrowth, then threw it overboard as though it was not what they wanted. "By George—the Atlantic cable lands here—they're going to cut it!"

Woodward took the glasses himself and looked in

in surprise. "That's right," he cried, his surprise changed to alarm in an instant. "Here, take the glass again and watch. I must get back to the Fort."

He swung his horse about and galloped off, leaving Arnold sitting in the saddle gazing at the strange boat

through his glass.

By the time Woodward reached the parade ground again, a field-gun and its company were at drill. He dashed furiously across the field.

ished furiously across the field.
"What's the trouble?" demanded the officer in

charge of the gun.

Woodward blurted out what he had just seen. "W

must stop it—at any cost," he added breathlessly.

The officer turned to the company. A moment later the order to follow Woodward rang out, the horses were wheeled about, and off the party galloped. On they went, along the road which Woodward and Arnold had already traversed.

and and year will all gazing, impatiently now, through the goals. He could be the fore-deck of the ship where Del Mar, muffled up and his men had succeeded in dragging the cable to the proper position on the deck. They laid it down and Del Mar was directing the prevactions for cutting it. A rould lowered his glass and

looked about helplessly.

Just then Lieutenant Woodward dashed up with the officer and company and the field-gun. They wheeled

it about and began pointing it and finding the range. Would they never get it? Arnold was almost beside himself. One of Del Mar's men seized an axe and was about to deliver the fatal blow. He swung it and for a

moment held it poised over his head.

Suddenly a low, deep rumble of a reverberation echoed and re-echoed from the hills over the water.

The field-gun had bellowed defiance.

A solid shot crashed through the cabin, smashing the door. Astouded, the men jumped back. As they did so, in their fear, the cable, released, slipped back over the rail in a great splash of safety into the water and sank. 76

"The deuce take you—you fools," swore Del Mar, springing forward in rage, and looking furiously toward the shore.

Two of the men had been hit by splinters. It was impossible to drag again. Besides, again the gun crew

loaded and fired.

The first shot had dismantled the doorway of the cabin. Elaine crouched fearfully in the farthest corner, not knowing what to expect next. Suddenly another shot tore through just beside the door, smashing the woodwork terrifically. She shrank back farther, in

fright.

Anything was better than this hidden terror. Nerved

up, she ran through the broken door,

Arnold was gazing through his glass at the effect of the shots. He could now see Del Mar and the others leaping into a swift little motor-boat alongside, which they had been using to help them in dragging for the cable

Iust then he saw Elaine run, screaming, out from

the cabin and leap overboard.

"Stop!" shouted Arnold in a fever of excitement, lowering his glass. "There's a girl—by Jove—it's Miss Dodge!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Woodward.

"I tell you, it is," reiterated Arnold, thrusting the glass into the Lieutenant's hand. The motor-boat had started when Del Mar saw Elaine

in the water. "Look," he growled, pointing, "there's

the Dodge girl."

Elaine was swimming frantically away from the boat. "Get her," he ordered, shielding his face so that she could not see it.

They turned the boat and headed toward her. She struck out harder than ever for the shore. On came the motor-boat.

Arnold and Woodward looked at each other in despair.
What could they do?

Somehow, by a sort of instinct, I suppose, I made

my way as quickly as I could along the shore toward

Fort Dale, thinking perhaps of Lieutenant Woodward. As I came upon the part of the grounds of the Fort that sloped down to the beach, I saw a group of young

officers standing about a peculiar affair on the shore in the shallow water-half bird, half boat.

As I came closer, I recognised it as a Thomas hydroaeroplane.

It suggested an idea and I hurried, shouting.

One of the men, seated in it, was evidently explaining

its working to the others.

"Wait," he said, as he saw me running down the

shore, waving and shouting to them. "Let's see what this fellow wants.' It was, as I soon learned, the famous Captain Burnside, of the United States Aerial Corps, Breathless,

I told him what I had seen and that we were all friends of Woodward's.

Burnside thought a moment, and quickly made up

his mind.

"Come—quick—jump up here with me," he called. Then to the other men, "I'll be back soon. Wait here. Let her go 1" I had jumped up and they spun the propeller. The

hydro-aeroplane feathered along the water, throwing a cloud of white spray, then slowly rose in the air.

The sensation of flying was delightful, as the fresh

morning wind cut our faces. We seemed to be hardly moving. It was the earth or rather the water that rushed past under us. But I forgot all about my sensations in my anxiety for Elaine.

As we rose we could see over the curve in the shore.

"Look!" I exclaimed, straining my eyes, "She's overboard. There's a motor-boat after her. Fasterover that way ! "

"Yes, ves," shouted Burnside above the roar of the engine, which almost made conversation impossible.

He shifted the planes a bit and crowded on more speed.

The men in the boat saw us. One figure, tall muffled, had a familiar look, but I could not place it, and in the excitement of the chase had no chance to try. But I could see that he saw us and was angry. Apparently the man gave orders to turn, for the boat swung around just as we swooped down and ran along the water.

Elaine was exhausted. Would we be in time?

We planed along the water, while the motor-boat sped off with its baffled passengers. Finally we stopped, in a cloud of spray.

Together, Burnside and I reached down and caught Elaine, not a moment too soon, dragging her into the

boat of the hydro-aeroplane.

If we had not had all we could do, we might have heard a shout of encouragement and relief from the hill where Woodward and Arnold and the rest were

watching anxiously.

I threw my coat about her, as the brave girl clung to us, half conscious.

us, half conscious.
"Oh—Walter," she murmured, "you were just in time."

"I wish I could have been sooner," I apologised.

"They—they didn't cut the cable—did they?" she asked, as we rose from the water again, bearing her now to safety. "I did my best."

#### CHAPTER VI

# " THE WIRELESS DETECTIVE"

DEL MAR made his way cautiously along the bank of a small river, at the mouth of which he left the boat after escaping from the steamer.

Quite evidently he was worried by the failure to cut the great Atlantic cable, and he was eager to see whether any leak had occurred in the organisation which, as secret foreign agent, he had so carefully built up in America.

America.

As he skirted the shore of the river, he came to a waterfall. Here he moved even more cautiously than before, looking about to make certain that no one had followed him.

It was a beautiful sheet of water that tumbled with a roar over the ledge of rock, then raced away swiftly to the sea in a cloud of spray.

Assured that he was alone, he approached a crevice in the rocks, near the falls. With another hasty look

about, he reached in and pulled a lever.

Instantly a most marvellous change took place, incredible almost beyond belief. The volume of water that came over the falls actually and rapidly decreased until it almost stopped, dripping slowly in a thin veil. There was the entrance of a cave—literally hidden behind the falls

Del Mar walked in. Inside was the entrance to another cave, smaller than the other, and from this entrance led a ladder. Del Mar climbed it, then stopped just inside the entrance to the inner cave. For a moment he paused. Then he pressed another lever. Almost immediately the thin trickle of water grew until at last the roaring falls completely covered the cave entrance. It was a clever concealment, contrived by damming the river above and arranging a new outlet controlled by flood-gates.

There Del Mar stood, in the inner cave, A man sat at a table, a curious gear fastened over his head and covering his ears. Before him was a huge apparatus from which flared a big bluish-green spark, snapping and crackling above the thunder of the waves. From the apparatus ran wires apparently up through cables that penetrated the rocky roof of the cavern and the civer photomy.

It was Del Mar's secret wireless station, close to the hidden submarine harbour which had been established beneath the innocent rocks of the promontory up the coast. Far overhead, on the cliff over the falls, were the antenne of the wireless.

"How is she working?" asked Del Mar.

"Pretty well," answered the man.

"No interference?" queried Del Mar, adjusting the apparatus.

The man shook his head in the negative.

"We must get a quenched spark apparatus," went on Del Mar, pleased that nothing was wrong here. "This rotary grip affair is out of date. By the way, I want you to be ready to send a message, to be relayed across to our people. I've got to consult the board below in the harbour, first, however. I'll send a messenger to you."

"Very well, sir," returned the man, saluting as Del Mar went out.

arat went out.

Out at Fort Dale, Lieutenant Woodward was still entertaining his new friend, Professor Arnold, and had introduced him to Colonel Swift, the commanding officer at the Fort.

They were discussing the strange events of the early morning, when an orderly entered, saluted Colonel Swift and handed him a telegram. The Colonel tore it open and read it, his face growing grave. Then he handed it to Woodward, who read:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Radio station using illegal wave length in your vicinity. Investigate and report.

BRANDON. Radio Bureau.

Professor Arnold shook his head slowly, as he handed the telegram back. "There's a wireless apparatus of my own on my yacht," he remarked slowly. "I have an instrument there which I think can help you greatly. Let's see what we can do."

"All right," nodded Colonel Swift to Woodward. " Trv."

The two went out, and a few minutes later, on the shore, jumped into Arnold's fast little motor-boat and sped out across the water until they swung around alongside the trim yacht which Arnold was using.

It was a compact and comfortable little craft with lines that indicated both gracefulness and speed. On one of the masts, as they approached. Woodward noticed the wireless aerial. They climbed up the ladder over the side and made their way directly to the wireless room, where Arnold sat down and at once began to

adjust the apparatus.

Woodward seemed keenly interested in inspecting the plant, which was of a curious type and not exactly

like any that he had seen before.
"Wireless apparatus," explained Arnold, still at work, "as you know, is divided into three parts, the source of power, the making and sending of wireless waves, including the key, spark, condenser and tuning coil, and the receiving apparatus—head telephones, antennæ, ground and detector. This is a very compact system with facilities for a quick change from one wave length to another. It has a spark gap, quenched type,

break system relay-operator can hear any interference while transmitting-transformation by a single throw of a six-point switch which tunes the oscillating and open circuits to resonance." Woodward watched him keenly, following his ex-

planation carefully, as Arnold concluded.

"You might call it a radio detective." he added.

Even the startling experience of the morning when she was carried off and finally jumped from the little tramp steamer that had attempted to cut the cable did not damp Elaine's ardour. She missed the guiding hand of Kennedy, yet felt impelled to follow up and investigate the strange things that had been happening in the neighbourhood of her summer home since his disappearance.

I succeeded in getting her safely home after Burnside and I rescued her in the hydro-aeroplane, but no sooner had she changed her clothes for dry ones than she disappeared. At least I could not find her, though, later, I found that she had stolen away to town and there had purchased a complete outfit of men's clothes

from a second-hand dealer.

Cautiously, with the large bundle under her arm, she returned to Dodge Hall and almost sneaked into her own home and upstairs to her room. She locked the door and hastily unwrapped the bundle, taking out a tattered suit and the other things, holding them up and laughing gleefully as she took off her own pretty clothes

and donned these hideous garments.

Ouickly she completed her change of costume and outward character. As she surveyed herself in the dainty mirror of her dressing-table she laughed again at the incongruity of her pretty boudoir and the rough man's clothes she was wearing. Deftly she arranged her hair so that her hat would cover it. She picked a black moustache from the table and stuck it on her soft upper lip. It tickled, and she made a wry face over it. Then she hunted up a cigarette from the bundle which she had brought in, lighted it and stuck it in the corner of her mouth, letting it droop jauntily. It made her cough tremendously, and she threw it away.

Finally she went to the door and downstairs. No one was about. She opened the door and gazed around. All was quiet. It was a new rôle for her, but, with a bold front, she went out and passed down to the gate of the grounds, pulling her hat down over her eyes and assuming a tough swagger.

Only a few minutes before, down in the submarine harbour, the officers of the board of foreign agents had been grouped about Del Mar, who had entered and taken his place at their head, very angry over the failure to cut the cable. As they concluded their hasty conference, he wrote a message on a slip of paper.

"Take this to our wireless station," he ordered,

handing it to one of the men.

The man took it, rose, and went to a wardrobe from which he extracted one of the submarine suits. With the message in his hand, he went out of the room, buckling on the suit.

A few minutes later the messenger in the submarine suit bobbed up out of the water, near the promontory, and climbed slowly over the rocks toward a crevice, where he began to take off the diving outfit.

Having finished, he hid the suit among the rocks and then went along to the little river, carefully skirting its banks, into the ravine in which were the falls and the wireless cave

In her disguise. Elaine had made her way by a sort of instinct along the shore to the rocky promontory where we had discovered the message in the tin tube in the water

Something, she knew not what, was going on about there, and she reasoned that it was not all over yet. She was right. As she looked about keenly she did see something, and she hid among the rocks. It was a man, all dripping, in an outlandish helmet and suit.

She saw him slink into a crevice and take off the suit, then, as he moved toward the river ravine, she stole up after him.

Suddenly she stopped stark still, surprised, and stared.

The man had actually gone up to the very waterfall. He had pressed what looked like a lever, and the water over the falls seemed to stop. Then he walked directly

through into a cave.

In the greatest wonder, Elaine crept along toward the falls. Inside the cave DeliMar's emissary started to climb a ladder to an inner cave. As he reached the top, he glanced out and saw Elaine by the entrance. With an oath he jumped into the inner entrance. His hand reached eagerly for a lever in the rocks, and as he found and held it, he peered out carefully.

Elaine cautiously came from behind a rock where she had hidden herself, and seeing no one apparently watching, now advanced until she stood directly under the trickle of water which had once been the falls. She gazed into the cave, curiously uncertain whether she

dared to go in alone or not.

The emissary jerked fiercely at the lever as he saw Elaine. And, as he pressed it, the flood-gates worked quickly.

Elaine stood gazing eagerly into the blackness of the cave. Just then a great volume of water from above

crashed down on her, with almost crushing weight.

How she lived through it she never knew. But, fortunately, she had not gone quite far enough to get the full force of the water. Still, the terrific flood easily overcame her.

She was swept, screaming, down the stream.

Rather alarmed at the strange disappearance of Elaine after I brought her home, I had started out

along the road to the shore to look for her.

As I walked along a young tough—at least at the time I thought it was a young tough, so good was the disguise she had assumed and so well did she carry it off—slouched past me.

What such a character could be doing in the neighbourhood I could not see. But he was so noticeably tough that I turned and looked. He kept his eyes averted, as if afraid of being recognised.

"Great Cæsar." I muttered to myself. "that's a

roughneck. This place is getting to be a hang-out for gunmen." I shrugged my shoulders and continued my walk. It was no business of mine. Finding no trace of Elaine, I returned to the house. Aunt Josephine was in the

library alone. "Where's Elaine?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know." she replied. "I don't think she's at home."

"Well, I can't find her anywhere," I frowned, wondering, at a loss what to do, and thrusting my hands

deep in my pockets as an aid to thought.

Walking along leisurely I made my way back to the At a bridge that crossed a rather turbulent stream as it tumbled its way toward the sea, I paused

and looked at the water reflectively. Suddenly my vagrant interest was aroused. Up the stream I saw some one struggling in the water and

shouting for help. It was Elaine. The hat and moustache of her disguise were gone, and her beautiful Titian hair was spread out on the water as it carried her now this way. now that, while she struck out with all her strength to keep afloat. I did not stop to think how or why she was there. I swung over the bridge rail, stripping off my coat, ready to dive. On she came with the swift current to the bridge. As she approached I dived. It was not a minute too soon. In her struggles she had become thoroughly exhausted. She was a good swimmer, but the fight with nature was unequal.

I reached her in a second or so and took her hand, Half pulling, half shoving her, I struck out for the shore. We managed to make it together where the current was not quite so strong, and climbed safely up a rock

Elaine sank down, choking and gasping, not unconscious but pretty much exhausted. I looked at her in amazement. She was the tough character I had just seen.

"Why, where in the world did you get those togs?"

I queried.
"Never mind my clothes, Walter," she gasped.
"Take me home for some dry ones. I have a clue."

She rose, determined to shake off the effects of her recent plunge, and went toward the house. As I helped her she related breathlessly what she had just

coon

Meanwhile, behind that wall of water, the wireless operator in the cave was sending the messages which Del Mar's emissary dictated to him, one after another.

With the high resistance receiving apparatus over his head. Arnold was listening to the wireless signals that came over his "radio detective" on the yacht, moving the slider back and forth on a sort of tuning coil, as he listened. Woodward stood close beside him.

"As you know," Arnold remarked, "by the use of an aerial, messages may be easily received from any number of stations. Laws, rules, and regulations may be adopted by the government to shut out interlopers and to plug busybody ears, but the greater part of whatever is transmitted by the Hertzian waves can be snatched down by this wireless detective of mine. Here I can sit in my wireless room with this ear-phone clamped over my head drinking in news, plucking the secrets of others from the sky—in other words, this

is eavesdropping by a wireless wire-tapper." "Are you getting anything now?" asked Woodward.

Arnold nodded, as he seized a pencil and started to write. The Lieutenant bent forward in tense interest. Finally Arnold read what he had written, and with a peculiar, quiet smile handed it over.

Woodward read. It was a senseless jumble of dots and dashes of the Morse code, but, although he was familiar with the code, he could make nothing out of

it. "It's the Morse code all right," he said, handing it

back with a puzzled look, "but it doesn't make any sense."

Arnold smiled again, took the paper, and without a word wrote on it some more. Then he handed it back to Woodward. "An old trick." he said. "Reverse

the dots and dashes and see what you get."

Woodward looked at it, as Arnold had reversed it.

and his face lighted up.

"Harbour successfully mined," he quoted in surprise.
"I'll show you another thing about this radio detective of mine," went on Arnold energetically. "It's not only a wave length measurer, but by a process of my own I can determine approximately the distance between the sending and the receiving points of a

message."

He attached another, smaller machine to the wireless detector. In the face was a moving finger which swap over a dial marked off in miles, from one upwards. As Arnold adjusted the new detector, the hand began to move slowly. Woodward looked eagerly. It did not move far, but came to rest above the figure "2.

"Not so very far away, you see, Lieutenant," re-

marked Arnold, pointing at the dial face.
He seized his glass and hurried to the deck, levelling it at the shore, leaning far over the rail in his eagerness. As he swept the shore, he stopped suddenly. There was a house-roof among the trees with a wireless aerial fastened to the chimney, but not quite concealed by

astened to the chimney, but not quite concealed by the dense foliage.

"Look." he cried to Woodward, with an exclamation

of satisfaction, handing over the glass.

Woodward looked. "A secret wireless station, all right," he agreed, lowering the glass after a long

look.
"We'd better get over there right away," planned
Arnold, leading the way to the ladder over the side of
the yacht and calling to the sailor who had managed the
little motor-boat to follow him.

Quickly they skimmed across to the shore. "I think we'd better send to the Fort for some men." considered

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Arnold as they landed. "We may need reinforcements before we get through."

Woodward nodded, and Arnold hastily wrote a note on a rather large scrap of paper which he happened to have in his pocket.

"Take this to Colonel Swift at Fort Dale," he directed the sailor. "And hurry!"

The sailor ran off as Arnold and Woodward went on down the shore, proceeding carefully.

At top speed, Arnold's sailor made his way to Fort Dale and was directed by the sentry to Colonel Swift. who was standing before the headquarters with several officers.

"A message from Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold," he announced, approaching the commanding officer and handing him the note. Colonel Swift tore it open and read:

Have located radio aerial in the woods along shore. Please send squad of men with hearer - APNOTE

"You just left them?" queried the Colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied the sailor. "We came ashore in his boat. I don't know exactly where they went, but I know the direction, and we can catch up with them

easily if we hurry, sir,' The Colonel handed the note quickly to a cavalry officer beside him, who read it, saluted at the orders

that followed, turned and strode off, hastily stuffing the paper in his belt.

Meanwhile, Del Mar's valet was leaving the bungalow and walking down the road on an errand for his master. Up the road he heard the clatter of hoofs, He stepped back off the road, and from his covert he could see a squad of cavalry headed by the captain and a sailor cantering past.

The captain turned in the saddle to speak to the sailor, who rode like a horse marine, and as he did so, the turning of his body loosened a paper which he had stuffed quickly into his belt. It fell to the ground. In their hurry the troop, close behind, rode over it. But it did not escape the quick eye of Del Mar's valet.

They had scarcely disappeared around a bend in the road when he stepped out and pounced on the paper, reading it eagerly. Every line of his face showed fear

as he turned and ran back to the bungalow.

"See what I found," he cried, breathlessly bursting in on Del Mar, who was seated at his desk, having returned from the harbour.

Del Mar read it with a scowl of fury. Then he seized his hat and a short hunter's axe, and disappeared through the panel into the subterranean passage which took him by the shortest cut through the very hill to the shore.

Slowly Arnold and Woodward made their way along the shore, carefully searching for the spot where they had seen the house with the aerial. At last they came to a place where they could see the deserted house, far up on the side of a ravine above a river and a waterfall. They dived into the thick underbrush for cover and went up the hill.

Some distance from the house they parted the bushes and gazed across an open space at the ramshackle building. As they looked they could see a man hurry

across from the opposite direction and into the house.
"As I live, I think that's Del Mar." muttered Arnold.
Woodward nodded, though rather doubtfully.

In the house Del Mar burried to a wall, where he found and pressed a concealed spring. A small cabinet in the plaster opened, and he took out a little telephone which he rang and through which he spoke hastily. "Pull in the wires," he shouted. "We're discovered, I think "

Down in the wireless station in the cave, the operator at his instrument heard the signal of the telephone and quickly answered it. "All right, sir," he returned,

with a look of great excitement and anxiety. "Cut the wires and I'll pull them in."

Putting back the telephone, Del Mar ran to the window and looked out between the broken slats of the closed

blinds. "Confound them!" he muttered angrily.

He could see Arnold and Woodward cautiously approaching. A moment later he stepped back and pulled sells mask over his upper face leaving only his case.

a silk mask over his upper face, leaving only his eyes visible. Then he seized his hunter's axe and dashed up the stairs. Through the scuttle of the roof he went, making his way over to the chimney to which the wireless antennae were fastened.

Hastily he cut the wires which ran through the roof from the aerial. As he did so he saw them disappear. Below, in the cave, down in the ravine behind the falls, the operator was hastily hauling in the wires Del Mar had cut.

Viciously then Del Mar fell upon the wooden aerial itself, chopping it right and left with powerful blows.

He broke it off and threw it over the roof.

Below, Arnold and Woodward, taking advantage of every tree and shrub for concealment, had almost reached the house when the broken aerial fell with a

reached the house when the broken aenal tell with a bang almost on top of them. In surprise they dropped behind a tree and looked up. But from their position they could see nothing. Together they drew their guns and advanced more cautiously towards the house. Del Mar made his way back quickly over the roof.

Del Mar made his way back quickly over the roof, through the scuttle and down the stairs again. Should he go out? He looked out at the window. Then he went to the door. An instant he paused thinking and

Went to the door. At meant he passed thinking and listening, his axe raised, ready for a blow.

Arnold and Woodward, by this time, had reached the door, which swung open on its rusty hinges. Woodward was about to go in when he felt a hand on his arm.

"Wait," cautioned Arnold. He took off his hat and stuck it on the end of a stick. Slowly he shoved the door open, then thrust the hat and stick just a fraction of a foot forward.

Del Mar, waiting, alert, saw the door open and a hat,

He struck at it hard with the axe, and merely the hat and stick fell to the floor

" Now, come on," shouted Arnold to Woodward. In the other hand, Del Mar held a chair. As Woodward dashed in with Arnold beside him. Del Mar shied the chair at their feet. Woodward fell over it in a heap, and as he did so the delay was all that Del Mar had hoped to gain. Without a second's hesitation he dived through an open window, just as Arnold ran forward, avoiding Woodward and the chair. It was spectacular, but it worked. Arnold fired, but even that was not quick enough. He turned, and, with Woodward, who had picked himself up in spite of his barked shins, ran back through the door by which they had entered.

Recovering himself, Del Mar dashed for the woods just as Arnold and Woodward ran round the side of the house, still blazing away after him as they followed,

rapidly gaining.

Elaine changed her clothes quickly. Meanwhile she had ordered horses for both of us, and a groom brought them round from the stables. It took me only a short time to jump into some dry things, and I waited impatiently.

She was ready very soon, however, and we mounted and cantered off, again in the direction of the shore where she had seen the remarkable waterfall, of which

she had told me.

We had not gone far when we heard sounds, as if an army were bearing down on us. "What's that?" I asked

Elaine turned and looked. It was a squad of cavalry. "Why, it's Lieutenant Woodward's friend, Captain

Price," she exclaimed, waving to the Captain at the head of the squad. A moment later Captain Price pulled up and bowed. Quickly we told him of what Elaine had just discovered.

"That's strange," he said. "This man"—indicating the sailor-" has just told me that Lieutenant Woodward and Professor Arnold are investigating a wireless outfit near there. Perhaps there's some connection."

"May we join you?" she asked.

"By all means," he returned. "I was about to suggest it myself."

We fell in behind with the rest and were off again. Under the direction of the sailor we came at last to the ravine, where we looked about searchingly for some

trace of Arnold and Woodward. "What's that noise?" exclaimed one of the cavalrymen.

We could hear shots above us.

"They may need us," cried Elaine impatiently.

It was impossible to ride up the sheer height above. "Dismount," ordered Captain Price.

His men jumped down and we followed him. Elaine

struggled up, now helped by me, now helping me.

Farther down the hill from the deserted house, which

we could see above us at the top, was an underground passage which had been built to divert part of the water above the falls for power. Through it the water surged, and over this boiling stream ran a board walk the length of the tunnel.

Into this tunnel we could see that a masked man had made his way. As he did so, he turned for just a

moment and fired a volley of shots. Elaine screamed. There were Arnold and Woodward, his targets, coming on boldly, as yet unhit. They

rushed in after him, in spite of his running fire, returning his shots and darting toward the tunnel entrance through which he still blazed back at them.

From our end of the ravine, we could see precisely what was going on. "Come-the other end of the tunnel," shouted Price, who had evidently been over the ground and knew it.

We made our way quickly to it, and it seemed as if

we had our man trapped, like a rat in a hole,

In the tunnel the man was firing back at his pursuers as he ran along the board walk for our end. He looked up just in time as he approached us. There he could see Price and his cavalry waiting, cutting off retreat. We were too many for him. He turned and took a step back. There were Arnold and Woodward with levelled guns peering in as though they could not see very clearly. In a moment their eyes would become as accustomed as his to the darkness. What should he do? There was not a second to waste. He looked down at the planks beneath him and the black water slipping past on its way to the power station. It was a desperate chance. But it was all that was left. He dropped down and let himself without even a splash into the water.

Arnold and Woodward took a step into the darkness, scarcely knowing what to expect, their eyes a little better accustomed to the dusk. But if they had been there an hour, in all probability they could not have

seen what was at their very feet.

Del Mar had sunk and was swimming under water in the swift black current sweeping under them. As they entered, he passed out, nerved up to desperation.

Down the stream, just before it took its final plunge to the power wheel, Del Mar managed by a superhuman effort to reach out and grasp a wooden support of the flooring and pull himself out of the stream. Smiling grimly to himself, he hurried up the bank.

"Some one's coming," whispered Price. "Get ready."

We levelled our guns. I was about to fire, "Look out! Don't shoot!" warned a voice sharply.

It was Elaine. Her keen eyes and quick perception had recognised Arnold, leading Woodward. We lowered our guns.

"Did you see a man, masked, come out here?" cried Woodward.

"No—he must have gone your way," we called.
"No. he couldn't have."

Arnold was eagerly questioning the Captain as Elaine and I approached. "Dropped into the water—risked almost certain death," he muttered, half turning and seeing us.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF ELAINE

"I want to congratulate you on your nerve for going in there," began Elaine, advancing toward the professor. Apparently he neither heard nor saw us. for he turned

as soon as he had finished with Price and went into the cave as though he were too busy to pay any attention to anything else.

to anything eise

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Elaine looked up at me, in blank astonishment.

"What an impolite man," she murmured, gazing at the figure as it disappeared in the darkness of the tunnel.

## CHAPTER VII

### " THE DEATH CLOUD "

Off a lonely wharf in a deserted part of the coast some miles from the promontory which afforded Del Mar his secret submarine harbour, a ship was riding at archor.

On the wharf a group of men, husky lascars, were straining their eyes at the mysterious craft.

"Here she comes," muttered one of the men, "at

From the ship a large yawl had put out. As she approached the wharf it could be seen that she was loaded to the gunwales with cases and boxes. She drew up close to the wharf, and the men fell to unloading her, lifting up the boxes as though they were weighted with feathers instead of metal and explosives.

Down the shore, at the same time, behind a huge rock, crouched a rough-looking tramp. His interest in the yawl and its cargo was even keener than that of

the lascars.

"Supplies," he muttered, moving back cautiously and up the bluff. "I wonder where they are taking them?"

Marcius Del Mar had chosen an old and ruined hotel not far from the shore as his storehouse and arsenal. Already he was there, pacing up and down the rotted

veranda which shook under his weight.

"Come, hurry up," he called impatiently as the first of the men carrying a huge box on his back made his appearance up the hill. One after another they trooped in, and Del Mar led

them to the hotel, unlocking the door,

Inside, the old hostelry was quite as ramshackle as outside. What had once been the dining-room now held nothing but a long, rickety table and several

chairs.

"Put them there," ordered Del Mar, directing the disposal of the cases. "Then you can begin work. I shall be back soon"

He went out, and, as he did so, two men seized guns

from a corner near by and followed him. On the veranda he paused and turned to the men.

"If any one approaches the house—any one, you

understand—make him a prisoner and send for me," he

ordered. "If he resists, shoot."

"Yes, sir," they replied, moving over and stationing themselves one at each angle of the narrow paths that van before the old house.

Del Mar turned and plunged deliberately into the

bushes, as if for a cross-country walk, unobserved.

Meanwhile, by another path up the bluff, the tramp had made his way parallel to the line taken by the men. He paused at the top of the bluff where some bushes

overhung and parted them.
"Their headquarters," he remarked to himself, under his breath.

Elaine, Aunt Josephine, and I were on the lawn that forenoon when a groom in resplendent livery came up to us.

" Miss Elaine Dodge?" he bowed.

Elaine took the note he offered, and he departed with another bow.

"Oh, isn't that delightful!" she cried with pleasure,

handing the note to me.

I read it: "The Wilkeshire Country Club will be lonoured if Miss Dodge and her friends will join the paper chase this afternoon.—L. H. Brown, Secretary." I suppose a preparation for the fox or drag hunting

season?" I queried.

"Yes," she replied. "Will you go?"
"I don't ride very well," I answered, "but I'll go." "Oh, and here's Mr. Del Mar," she added, turning. "You'll join us at the Wilkeshire hunt in a paper chase this afternoon, surely, Mr. Del Mar?"

"Charmed, I'm sure," he agreed gracefully.

For several minutes we chatted, planning, then he withdrew. "I shall meet you on the way to the Club,"

he promised.

It was not long before Elaine was ready, and from the stable a groom led three of the best trained crosscountry horses in the neighbourhood, for old Taylor Dodge, Elaine's father, had been passionately fond of hunting, as had been both Elaine and Aunt Josephine.

We met on the porch, and a few minutes later mounted and cantered away. On the road Del Mar joined us, and we galloped along to the Hunt Club, careful, however, to save the horses as much as possible for the dash over the fields.

For some time the uncouth tramp continued gazing fixedly out of the bushes at the deserted hotel.

Suddenly, he heard a noise and dropped flat on the

ground, looking keenly about. Through the trees he could see one of Del Mar's men stationed on sentry duty. He was leaning against a tree, on the alert.

The tramp rose cautiously and moved off in another direction to that in which he had been making his way, endeavouring to flank the sentry. Farther along, however, another of Del Mar's men was standing in the same attentive manner near a path that led from the woods

As the tramp approached, the sentry heard a crackle of the brush and stepped forward. Before the tramp knew it, he was covered by a rifle from the sentry in an unexpected quarter.

Any one but the sentry, with half an eye, might have seen that the fear he showed was cleverly feigned. He threw his hands above his head even before he was ordered and in general was the most tractable captive imaginable. The sentry blew a whistle, whereat the other sentry ran in.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the captor. " Master's orders to take any one to the rendezvous.

responded the other firmly, "and lock him up." Together they forced the tramp to march double

quick toward the old hotel. One sentry dropped back at the door and the other drove the tramp before him into the hotel, avoiding the big room on the side where the men were at work and forcing him upstairs to the attic which had once been the servants' quarters.

There was no window in the room and it was empty.

The only light came in through a skylight in the roof. The sentry thrust the tramp into this room and tried a door leading to the next room. It was locked. At the point of his gun the sentry searched the tramp for weapons, but found none. As he did so the tramp trembled mightily. But no sooner had the sentry gone than the tramp smiled quietly to himself. He tried both doors. They were locked. Then he looked at the skylight and meditated.

Down below, although he did not know it, in the bare dining-room which had been arranged into a sort of chemical laboratory. Del Mar's men were engaged in manufacturing gas bombs much like those used in the war in Europe. Before them was a formidable array of bottles and retorts. The containers for the bombs-were large and very brittle globes of hard rubber. As the men made the gas and forced it under tremendous pressure into tubes, they protected themselves by wearing goggles for the eyes and large masks of cloth

and saturated cotton over their mouths and noses. Satisfied with the safety of his captive, the sentry made his way downstairs and out again to report to

Del Mar At the bungalow, Del Mar's valet was setting the library in order when he heard a signal in the secret passage. He pressed the button on the desk and opened the panel. From it the sentry entered.
"Where is Mr. Del Mar?" he asked hurriedly, look-

ing around. "We've been followed to the headquarters by a tramp whom I've captured, and I don't know what to do with him."

"He is not here," answered the valet. "He has

gone to the Country Club."

"Confound it," returned the sentry, vexed at the enforced waste of time. "Do you think you can reach him?"

" If I hurry, I may," nodded the valet.

"Then do so," directed the sentry. He moved back into the panel and disappeared while the valet closed it. A moment later he too picked up his hat and hurried out.

At the Wilkeshire Club a large number of hunters had arrived for the imitation meet. Elaine, Aunt Josephine, Del Mar, and myself rode up and were greeted by them as the Master of Fox Hounds assembled us. At a little distance, a splendid pack of hounds was held by the huntsman while they debated whether to hold a paper chase or to try a drag hunt.

"You start your cross-country riding early," com-

mented Del Mar

"Yes," answered Elaine. "You see we can hardly wait until autumn, and the weather is so fine and cool that we feel we ought to get into trim during the summer.

So we have paper chases and drag hunts as soon as we can, mainly to please the younger set."

The chase was just about to start, when the valet came up. Del Mar caught his eye and excused himself to us. What he said we could not hear, but Del Mar frowned, nodded and dismissed him.

Just then the horn sounded and we went off, dashing across the road into a field in full chase after the hounds taking the fences and settling down to a good half-hour's run over the most beautiful country I have ever seen.

The hounds had struck the trail, which, of course, as was finally decided, was nothing but that laid by an anise-seed bag dragged over the ground. It was none the less, in fact perhaps more, interesting for that.

The huntsman winded his horn and mirthful shouts of "Gone away!" sounded in imitation of a real hunt. The blast of the horn once heard is never forgotten. thrilling the blood and urging one on.

The M.F.H. seemed to be everywhere at once, restraining those who were too eager and saving the hounds often from being ridden down by those new to

the hunt who pressed them.

Elaine was one of the foremost. Her hunter was one carefully trained, and she knew all the tricks of the game.

Somehow, I got separated, at first, from the rest and followed, until finally I caught up, and then kept behind

one of the best riders.

Del Mar also got separated, but, as I afterward learned, by intention, for he deliberately rode out of the course at the first opportunity he had and let Elaine and the rest of us pass without seeing him.

Elaine's blood was up, but somehow, in spite of herself, she went astray, for the hounds had distanced the fleetest riders, and she, in an attempt at a short cut

over the country which she thought she knew so well,

went a mile or so out of the way. She pulled up in a ravine and looked about. Intently she listened. There was no sign of the hunt. She was hot and tired and thirsty and, at a loss just how to join the field again, she took this chance to

dismount and drink from a clear stream fed by mountain springs. As she did so, floating over the peaceful woodland

air came the faint strains of the huntsman's horn, far, far off. She looked about, straining her ears to catch the direction of sound. Just then her horse caught the winding of the horn. His ears went erect and without waiting he instantly galloped off, leaving her. Elaine called and ran after him, but it was too late. She stopped and looked dejectedly as he disappeared. Then she made her way up the side of the ravine. slowly.

On she climbed until, to her surprise, she came to

the ruins of an old hotel. She remembered, as a child. when it had been famous as a health resort, but it was all changed now-a wreck. She looked at it a moment. then, as she had nothing better to do, approached it.

She advanced toward a window of the dining-room and looked in.

Del Mar waited only until the last straggler had passed. Then he dashed off as fast as his horse would carry him straight toward the deserted hotel which served him as headquarters for the supplies he was accumulating. As he rode up, one of his sentries appeared, as if from nowhere, and, seeing who it was, saluted

"Here, take care of this horse," ordered Del Mar, dismounting and turning the animal over to the man, who led him to the rear of the building as Del Mar entered the front door, after giving a secret signal.

There were his men in goggles and masks at the

work which his knock had interrupted. "Give me a mask before I enter the room," he ordered

of the man who had answered his signal. The man handed the mask and goggles to him, as

well as a coat, which he put on quickly. Then he entered the room and looked at the rapid progress of the work

"Where's the prisoner?" asked Del Mar a moment

later, satisfied at the progress of his men.

"In the attic room," one of his lieutenants indicated.

"I'd like to take a look at him," added Del Mar, just

about to turn and leave the room. As he did so, he happened to glance at one of the

windows. There, peering through the broken shutters, was a face—a girl's face—Elaine!

"Just what I wanted guarded against!" he cried angrily, pointing at the window. "Now-get her!"

The men had sprung up at his alarm. They could all see her, and with one accord dashed for the door. Elaine sprang back, and they ran as they saw that she

was warned. In genuine fear now she too ran from the window. But it was too late.

For just then the sentry who had taken Del Mar's hore came from behind the building, cutting off her retreat. He seized her just as the other men ran out. Elaine stared. She could make nothing of them. Even Del Mar, in his goggles and breathing mask, was un-

recognisable.
"Take her inside," he ordered, disguising his voice.

Then to the sentry he added, "Get on guard again and don't let any one through."

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Elaine was hustled into the big deserted hallway of

the hotel, just as the tramp had been.

"You may go back to work," Del Mar signed to the other men, who went on, leaving one short but athletic-looking fellow with Del Mar and Elaine.

"Lock her up, Shorty," ordered Del Mar, "and bring

the other prisoner to me down here."

None too gently the man forced Elaine upstairs ahead

of him.

In the attic, the tramp, pacing up and down, heard

footsteps approach on the stairs and enter the next room. Quickly he ran to the doorway and peered through the keyhole. There he could see Elaine and the small man enter. He locked the door to the hall, then quickly

took a step toward the door into the tramp's room.

There was just time enough for the tramp to see his approach. He ran swiftly and softly over to the farther corner and dropped down as if sound asleep. The key turned in the lock and the small man entered, careful to lock the door to Elaine's room. He moved over to where the tramp was feigning sleep.

"Get up." he growled, kicking him.

The tramp sat up, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Come now, be reasonable," demanded the man. "Follow me"

He started toward the door into the hall. He never reached it. Scarcely was his hand on the knob when the tramp seized him and dragged him to the floor. One hand on the man's throat and his knees on his chest, the tramp tore off the breathing mask and goggles. Already he had the man trussed up and gagged.

Ouickly the tramp undressed the man and left him in his underclothes, still struggling to get loose, as he took Shorty's clothes, including the strange headgear, and unlocked the door into the next room with the key he also had taken from him.

Elaine was pacing anxiously up and down the little room into which she had been thrown, greatly frightened.

Suddenly the door by which her captor had left opened hurriedly again. A most disreputable-looking tramp entered and locked the door again. Elaine started back in fear.

He motioned to her to be quiet. "You'll never get out alive." he whispered, speaking rapidly and thickly, as though to disguise his voice. "Here-take these clothes. Do just as I say. Put them on. Put on the mask and goggles. Cover up your hair. It is your only chance."

He laid the clothes down and went out into the hallway. Outside he listened carefully at the head of the stairs and looked about expecting momentarily to be discovered.

Elaine understood only that suddenly a friend in need had appeared. She changed her clothes quickly. finding, fortunately, that they fitted her pretty well. By pulling the hat over her hair and the goggles over her eves and tying on the breathing mask, she made a very presentable man.

Cautiously she pushed open the door into the hallway. There was the tramp. "What shall I do?" she askod

"Don't talk," he whispered close to her ear. "Go out-and if you meet any one, just salute and walk past."

"Yes-ves. I understand," she nodded back, "andthank you."

He gave her no time to say more, even if it had been safe, but turned and locked the door of her room.

Trying to keep the old stairway from creaking and betraying her, she went down. She managed to reach the lower hallway without seeing anybody or being discovered. Quietly she went to the door and out. She had not gone far when she met an armed man, the sentry, who had been concealed in the shrubbery.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.
Elaine did not betray herself by speaking, but merely

saluted and passed on as fast as she could without exciting further suspicion. Nonplussed, the man turned and watched her curiously as she moved away down the path.

"Where's he going?" the sentry muttered, still

Elaine in her eagerness was not looking as carefully where she was going as she was thinking about getting away in safety. Suddenly an overhanging branch of a tree caught her hat, and before she knew it pulled it off her head. There was no concealing her golden hair now.

"Stop!" shouted the sentry.

Elaine did not pause, but dived into the bushes on the side of the path, just as the man fired and ran forward, still shouting for her to halt. She ran as fast as she could, pulling off the goggles and mask and looking back now and then in terror at her pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on her.

Before she could catch herself she missed her footing and slipped over the edge of a gorge. Down she went, with a rush. It was unfortunate, dangerous, but, after all, it was the only thing that saved her, at least for the time. Half falling, half sliding, scratching herself and tearing her clothes, she descended.

The sentry checked himself just in time at the top of the gorge and leaned as far over the edge as he dared. He raised his gun again and fired. But Elaine's course was so hidden by the trees and so zigzag that he missed. A moment he hesitated, then started and climbed down after her as fast as he could.

At the bottom of the hill she picked herself up and dashed again into the woods, the sentry still after her

and gaining.

At the same time, we who were still in the chase had circled about the country until we were very near where we started. Following the dogs over a rail fence, I drew up suddenly, hearing a scream.

There was Elaine, on foot, running as if her life depended on it. I needed no second glance. Behind

her was a man with a rifle, almost overtaking her.

As luck would have it, the momentum of my horse carried me right at them. Careful to avoid Elaine. I rode square at the man, striking at him viciously with my riding crop before he knew what had struck him. The fellow dropped, stunned. I leaped from my

horse and ran to her, just as the rest of the hunt came up.

Eagerly questioning us, they gathered about.

Having waited until he was sure that Elaine had got away safely, the old tramp slowly and carefully followed down the stairs of the ruined hotel.

As he went down, he heard a shot from the woods. Could it be one of the sentries? He looked about

keenly, hesitating just what to do.

In an instant, down below, he heard the scurry of footsteps from the improvised laboratory, and shouts. He turned and stealthily ran upstairs, just as the door opened.

The tramp had not been the only one who had been

alarmed by the shot of the sentry.

Del Mar was talking to the men when it rang out. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "Another intruder?"

The men stared at him blankly, while Del Mar dashed for the door, followed by them all. In the hall he issued his orders quickly.

"Here, you fellows," he called, dividing the men. "get outside and see what is doing. You other men, follow me. I want you to see if everything's all right

up above." Meanwhile the tramp had gained the upper hallway and dashed past the room which he had occupied. Outside, in the hall, Del Mar and his men rushed up to

the door of the room in which Elaine had been thrown. It was locked and they broke in. She was gone !

On into the next room they dashed, bearing down this

door also. There was Shorty, trussed up in his underclothes. They hastened to release him. "Where are they-where's the tramp?" demanded

Del Mar angrily.

"I think I heard some one on the roof," replied Shorty weakly.

He was right. The tramp had managed to get through a scuttle on to the roof. Then he climbed down to the edge and began to let himself hand over hand down the lightning rod.

Reaching the ground safely, he scurried round to the back of the building. There, tied, was the horse which Del Mar had ridden to the hunt. He untied it. mounted and dashed off down the path through the

woods, taking the shortest cut in the direction of Fort Dale. Dusty and flecked with foam, the tramp and his mount, a strange combination, were instantly chal-

lenged by the sentry at the Fort.

I must see Lieutenant Woodward immediately." urged the tramp.

A heated argument followed until finally a corporal of the guard was called, and led off the tramp toward headquarters.

It was only a few minutes before Woodward was convinced of the identity of the tramp with his friend, Professor Arnold. At the head of a squad of cavalry, Woodward and the tramp dashed off,

Already on the qui vive, Elaine heard the sound of hoof-beats long before the rest of us. For the moment we all stood ready to repel an attack from any quarter.

But it was not meant for us. It was Woodward at

the head of a score or so of cavalrymen. With him rode a tramp on a horse which was strangely familiar to me.

"Oh." cried Elaine, "there's the man who saved

As they passed, the tramp paused a moment and looked at us sharply. Although he carefully avoided Elaine's eyes, I fancied that only when he saw that she was safe was he satisfied to gallop off and rejoin the cavalry.

Around the old hotel, in every direction, Del Mar's men were searching for the tramp and Elaine, while in the hotel another search was in progress.

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Del Mar. entering.

"No, sir," they reported.

"Confound it!" swore Del Mar, going upstairs again.

Here also were men searching. "Find anything?" he asked briefly. " No luck," returned one.

Del Mar went on up to the top floor and out through the open scuttle to the roof. "That's how he got away, all right," he muttered to himself, then, looking up, he exclaimed under his breath, as his eye caught something far off, "The deuce—what's that?"

Leaning down to the scuttle, he called, " Jenkins-

my field-glasses-quick!"

One of his men handed them to him and he adjusted them, gazing far off intently. There he could see what looked like a squad of cavalry galloping along headed

by an officer and a rough-looking individual. "Come-we must get ready for an attack!" he

shouted, diving down the scuttle again.

In the laboratory dining-room, his men, recalled, hastily took his orders. Each of them seized one of the huge, black-rubber, newly-completed gas bombs and ran out, making for a grove near-by,

Quickly as Del Mar had acted, it was not done so

fast but that the troop of cavalry, as they pulled up on the top of a hill and followed the directing finger of the tramp, could see men running to the cover of the grove.

" Forward!" shouted Woodward.

As if all were one machine, the men and horses shot ahead, until they came to the grove about the old hotel. There they dismounted and spread out in a semicircular order, advancing on the grove. As they did so, shots rang out from behind the trees. Del Mar's men, from the shelter, were firing at them. But it seemed hopeless for the fugitives.

"Ready!" ordered Del Mar as the cavalrymen ad-

vanced, relentless.

Each of his men picked up one of the big black gas bombs and held it high up over his head. "Come on!" urged Woodward.

His men broke into a charge on the grove.

"Throw them !" ordered Del Mar.

As far as he could hurl it, each of the men sent one of the black globes hurtling through the air. They fell almost simultaneously, a long line of them, each breaking into a thousand bits. Instantly dense, greenishvellow fumes poured forth, enveloping everything. The wind which Del Mar had carefully noted when he chose the position in the grove, was blowing from his men toward the only position from which an attack could be made successfully.

Against Woodward's men as they charged, a tremendous, slow-moving wall of vapour was advancing from the trees. It was only a moment before it completely wrapped them in its stifling, choking, suffocating embrace. Some fell, overcome. Others tried to run. clutching frantically at their throats and rubbing their

"Get back-quick-till it rolls over," choked Wood-

Those who were able to do so, picked up their stupefied comrades and retreated, as best they could, stumbling blindly back from the fearful death-cloud of chlorine.

Meantime, under cover of their weird defence, Del

Mar and his men, their own faces covered and unrecognisable in their breathing masks and goggles, dashed to one side with a shout and disappeared, walking and running behind and even through their impregnable gas barrier.

More slowly we of the hunt had followed Woodward's cavalry until, some distance off, we stood, witnessing and wondering at the attack. To our utter amazement we saw them carrying off their wounded and stupefied men. We hurried forward and gathered about, offering

whatever assistance we could to resuscitate them.

As Elaine and I helped, we saw the unkempt figure of the tramp borne in and laid down. He was not completely overcome, having had presence of mind to the a handkerchief over his nose and mouth

Elaine hurried toward him with an exclamation of sympathy. Just recovering full consciousness, he heard her.

heard her.

With the greatest difficulty, he seemed to summon some reserve force not yet used. He struggled to his

feet and staggered off, as though he would escape us.

"What a strange old codger," mused Elaine, looking
from me to the retreating figure. "He saved my life
—wet he won't even let me thank him—or help him!"

#### CHAPTER VIII

#### " THE SEARCHLIGHT GUN "

"I DON'T understand it," remarked Elaine one day as, with Aunt Josephine and myself, she was discussing the strange events that had occurred since the disappearance of Kennedy, "but, somehow, it is as if a strange Providence seems to be watching over us."

"Nor do I," I agreed. "It does seem that, although we do not see it, a mysterious power for good is about

us. It's uncanny."

A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Marie, coming in with a small parcel which had been delivered by a messenger who did not wait for an answer.

Elaine took it, looked at it, turned it over, and then

looked at the written address again.

"It's not the handwriting of any one which I can recognise," she mused. "Now, I suppose I ought to be

suspicious of it. Yet, I'm going to open it."

She did so. Inside, the paper wrapping covered a pasteboard box. She opened that. There lay a revolver, which she picked up and turned over. It was a curious-looking weapon.

"I never knew so much about firearms as I have earned in the past few weeks," remarked Elaine. But what do you suppose this is—and who sent it to

me-and why?"

She held the gun up. From the barrel stuck out a little rolled-up piece of paper. "See," she cried, reading and handing the paper to me, "there it is again—that mysterious power."

Aunt Josephine and I read the note:

DEAR MISS DODGE.

This weapon shoots exactly into the centre of the light disc. Keep it by you .- A FRIEND.

"Let me see it," I asked, taking the gun. Sure enough, along the barrel was a peculiar tube. "A searchlight gun!" I exclaimed, puzzled, though still my suspicions were not entirely at rest. "Suppose it's sighted wrong," I could not help considering. "It

might be a plant to save some one from being shot." "That's easily settled," returned Elaine. "Let's

try it." "Oh, mercy, no-not here," remonstrated Aunt Iosephine.

"Why not-down in the cellar?" persisted Elaine.

" It can't hurt anything there."

"I think it would be a good plan," I agreed, "just to make sure that it is all right."

Accordingly we three went down to the cellar. There, Elaine found the light switch and turned it. Eagerly I hunted about for a mark. There, in some rubbish that had not yet been carted away, was a small china plate. I set it up on a small shelf across the room and took the gun. But Elaine playfully wrenched it from

"No," she insisted, "it was sent to me. Let me try it first."

Reluctantly I consented.

"Switch off the light, Walter, please," she directed, standing a few paces from the plate.

I did so. In the darkness Elaine pointed the gun and pulled a little ratchet. Instantly a spot of light showed on the wall. She moved the revolver and the spot of light moved with it. As it rested on a little decorative figure in the centre of the plate, she pulled the trigger. The gun exploded with a report, deafening in the confined cellar.

I switched on the light and we ran forward. There

was the plate-smashed into a hundred bits. The bullet had struck exactly in the centre of the little bull's-eye of light.

"Splendid!" cried Elaine enthusiastically, as we

looked at each other in surprise.

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Though none of us guessed it, half an hour before, in the seclusion of his yacht, Woodward's friend, Pro-

fessor Arnold, had been standing with the long barrelled revolver in his hand, adjusting the tube which ran beneath the barrel.

In one hand he held the gun; in the other was a piece of paper. As he brought the paper before the muzzle and pressed a ratchet by gripping the revolver handle, a distinct light appeared on the paper, thrown

out from the tube under the barrel.

Having adjusted the tube and sighted it, Arnold wrote a hasty note on another piece of paper and inserted it into the barrel of the gun, with the end sticking out just a bit. Then he wrapped the whole thing up in a box, rang a bell, and handed the package to a servant with explicit instructions as to its delivery to the right person and only to that person.

Down in the submarine harbour. Del Mar was in conference with his board of strategy and advice, laving the plan for the attack on America.

"Ever since we have been at work." he remarked. "Elaine Dodge has been busy hindering and frustrating

us. That girl must go!"

Before him, on the table, he placed a square package. "It must stop," he added ominously, tapping the

package. "But how?" asked one of the men. " We've done

our best."

"This is a bomb," replied Del Mar, continuing to tap the package. "When our man-let me see. X had better do it-arrives, have him look in the secret cavern by the landing-place, where I will leave it. I want him to put it in her house to-night."

He handed the bomb to one of his men, who took it

gingerly. Then, with a few more words of admonition, he took up his diving helmet and left the headquarters followed by the man.

Several minutes later, Del Mar, alone, emerged from the water just outside the submarine harbour

and took off his helmet

He made his way over the rocks, carrying the bomb until he came to a little fissure in the rocks, like a cavern. There he hid the bomb carefully. Still carrying the helmet, he hurried along until he came to the cave entrance that led to the secret passage towards the panel in his bungalow library. Up through the secret passage he went, reaching the panel and opening it by a sorine.

In the library Del Mar changed his wet clothes and hid them, then set to work on an accumulation of papers

on his desk.

That afternoon, Elaine decided to go for a little ride

through the country in her runabout.

As she started to leave her room, dressed for the trip, it was as though a premonition of danger came to her. She paused, then turned back and took from the drawer the searchlight gun which had been sent to her. She slipped it into the pocket of her skirt and went out.

Off she drove at a fast pace, thoroughly enjoying the ride until, near a bend in the road, as it swept down toward the shore, she stopped and got out, attracted by some wild flowers. They grew in such profusion that it seemed no time before she had a bunch of them. On she wandered, down to the rocks, watching the restless waters of the Sound. Finally she found herestle waters will be shore, one arm full of flowers, while with her free hand she amused herself by skimming flat stones over the water.

As she turned to pick up one, her eye caught something in the rocks, and she stared at it. There in a crevice, as though it had been hidden, was a strange square package. She reached down and picked it up.

What could it be ?

While she was examining it, another of those strange be-helmeted figures came up out of the water behind her. It watched her for an instant, then sank back into the water again.

Elaine, holding the package in her hand, walked up the shore, oblivious to the strange eye that had been fixed on her

"I must show this to Lieutenant Woodward," she said to herself.

In the car she placed the package, then jumped in herself and started off.

A moment after she had gone the diver reappeared, looking about cautiously. This time the coast was clear and he came out, taking off his helmet and placing it in the secret hiding-place which Del Mar and his men used. Then, with another glance, now of anger, in the direction of Elaine, he hurried up the shore

Meanwhile, as fast as her light runabout would carry

her, Elaine whizzed over to Fort Dale.

As she entered the grounds, the sentry saluted her, though that part of the formalities of admission was purely perfunctory, for every one at the Fort knew her now.

" Is Lieutenant Woodward in?" she inquired.

"Yes ma'am," returned the sentry. "I will send for him."

A corporal appeared and took a message for her to Woodward. It was only a few minutes before Lieutenant Woodward himself appeared.

"What is the trouble, Miss Dodge?" he asked solicitously, noting the look on her face,

"I don't know what it is," she replied dubiously.
"I've found something among the rocks. Perhaps it

is a bomb."

Woodward looked at the package, studying it. "Professor Arnold is investigating this affair for us," he remarked. "Perhaps you'd better take the package to him on his yacht. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but just now I'm on duty."

"That's a good idea." she agreed. "Only I'm sorry you can't go along with me."

She started up the car and drove off as Woodward turned back to the Fort with a lingering look.

Del Mar was hard at work in the library when, suddenly, he heard a sound at the panel. He reached over and pressed a button on his desk, and the panel opened. Through it came the diver still wearing his dripping suit and carrying the weird helmet under his arm.

"That Dodge girl has crossed us again!" he ex-

claimed excitedly.

" How?" demanded Del Mar, with an oath,

"I saw her on the rocks just now. She happened to stumble on the bomb which you left there to be placed." "And then ?" demanded Del Mar.

"She took it with her in her car."

"The deuce!" ejaculated the foreign agent furi-"You must get the men out and hunt the ously. country thoroughly. She must not escape now at any cost."

The diving man hurried away through the panel to escape Del Mar's wrath, while Del Mar hurried out,

leaving his valet in the library. Quickly, Del Mar made his way to a secret hidingplace in the hills behind the bay. There he found his

picked band of men armed with rifles.

As briefly as he could he told them of what had happened. "We must get her this time-dead or alive," he ordered. "Now scatter about the country. Keep in touch with each other, and when you find her. close in on her at any cost."

The men saluted and left in various directions to scour the country. Del Mar himself picked up a rifle and followed shortly, passing down a secret trail to the road where he had a car with a chauffeur waiting. Still carrying the rifle, he climbed in and the man shot the car along down the road.

On the top of a hill one of the men was posted as a

sort of lookout. Gazing over the country carefully, his eye was finally arrested by something at which he stared eagerly. Far away, on the road, he could see a car in which was a girl, alone. Waving in the breeze was a red feather in her hat. He looked more sharply. It was Elaine Dodge.

The man turned and waved a signal with a handkerchief to some one far off. Down the valley another of Del Mar's men was waiting and watching. As soon as

he saw the signal, he waved back and ran along the road. As Del Mar whizzed along, he could see one of his men approaching over the road, waving to him.

"Stop!" he ordered his driver.

The man hurried forward. "I've got the signal," he panted. "They have seen her car over the hill."

"Good!" exclaimed Del Mar, pulling a black silk

mask over his eyes. "Now, get off quickly. We've got to catch her.

They sped away again in a cloud of dust.

But even while Del Mar was speeding toward her. another of his men had discovered her presence, so

vigilant were they.

He had been keeping a sharp watch on the road, when he was suddenly all attention. He saw a car, at a standstill, through the foliage. Quickly his rifle went to his shoulder. Through the sight he could just cover Elaine's head, for her hat, with a bright red feather in it, showed plainly just over the bushes.

He aimed carefully and fired.

I had been out for a tramp over the hills with no destination in particular. As I swung along the road. I heard the throbbing of a car coming up the hill, the cut-out open. I turned, for cars make walking on country roads somewhat hazardous nowadays.

As I did so, some one in the car waved to me. I

looked again. It was Elaine.
"Where are you going?" she called.

"Where are you going?" I returned, laughing.

"I've just had a very queer experience-found

something down on the rocks." she replied seriously. pointing to the square package on the floor of the car. I took it to Lieutenant Woodward and he advised

me to take it to Professor Arnold on his yacht. I think it is a bomb. I wish you'd go with me,

Before I could answer, up the hill a rifle shot cracked.

There was a whirr in the air and a bullet sang past us, cutting the red feather off Elaine's hat.

"Duck!" I cried, jumping into the car," and drive

like the dickens!"

She turned and we fairly ricochetted down that road. Behind us, a man, a stranger whom we did not pause to observe, rushed from the bushes and fired after us again.

Suddenly another rifle shot cracked. It was from another car that had stealthily sneaked up on uscoming fast, recklessly.
"There's her car," pointed one of the occupants to

a man who was masked in black

"Yes," he nodded. "Give her a little more gas!"

"Crouch down," I muttered, "as low as you can."
We did so, racing for life, the more powerful motor

behind us overhauling us every instant. We were coming to a very narrow part of the road

where it turned on one side a sheer hill on the other a stream several feet down.

If we had an accident, I thought, it might be ticklish for us, supposing the square package really to be a bomb. What if it should go off? The idea suggested another, instantly. The car behind was only a short

distance off. As we reached the narrow road by the stream. I rose up. As far as I could I hurled the infernal machine. It fell. We received a shower of dirt and small stones. but the cover of the car protected us. Where the bomb

landed, however, it cut a deep hole in the roadway. On came Del Mar's car, the driver frantically tugging at the emergency brake. But it was of no use. There was not room to turn aside. The car crashed into the

hole, like a gigantic plough.

It took one header over the side of the road and down several feet into the stream, just as the masked man and the driver jumped far ahead into the water.

Safe now in our car, which was slackening its terrific

speed, I looked back. "They've been thrown!" I "We're all right."

On the edge of the water, just covered by some wreckage, the chauffeur lay motionless. The masked man looked at him a moment.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, still mechanically gripping a rifle in his hand.

Angrily he raised it at us and fired.

A moment later, some other men gathered from all

directions about him, each armed. "Don't mind the wreck," he cried, exasperated.

" Fire!"

A volley was delivered at us. But the distance was now apparently too great.

We were just congratulating ourselves on our escape. when a stray shot whizzed past, striking a piece directly out of the head of the steering-post, almost under Elaine's hands.

Naturally she lost control, though fortunately we were not going so fast now. Crazily, our car swerved from side to side of the road, as she vainly tried to control both its speed and direction. On the very edge

of the ditch, however, it stopped.

We looked back. There we could see a group of men who seemed to spring out of the woods, as if from nowhere, at the sound of the shots. A shout went up at the sight of the bullet taking effect, and they ran forward at us.

One of their number, I could see, masked, who had been in the wrecked car, stumbled forward weakly.

until finally he sank down.

A couple of the others ran to him. "Go on," he must have urged vehemently. "One of you is enough to stay with me. I'm going back to the submarine harbour. The rest—go on—report to me there."

As the rest ran toward us, there was nothing for us

to do but to abandon our car and run for it. We left the road and struck into the trackless woods, followed closely now by two of the men who had outdistanced the rest. Through the woods we fled, taking advantage of such shelter as we could find.

"Look, here's a cave," cried Elaine, as we plunged,

exhausted and ready to drop, down into a ravine.

We hurried in, and the bushes swung over the cave entrance. Inside we stopped short and gazed about. It was dark and gloomy. We looked back. There was no hope there They had been overtaking us. On

down a passageway we went.

The two men who were pursuing us plunged down the ravine also. As ill-luck would have it, they saw the cave entrance and dashed in, then halted. Crouching in the shadow, we could see their figures silhouetted in the dim light of the entrance of the cavern. One stopped at the entrance while the other advanced. He was a big fellow and powerfully built; and the other fellow was equally burly. I made up my mind to fight to the last, though I knew it was hopeless. It was dark. I could not even see the man advancing now

Ouickly Elaine reached into her pocket and drew

out something.

" Here, Walter, take this," she cried.

I seized the object. It was the searchlight gun.
Hastily I aimed it, the spot of light glowing brightly.
Indeed, I doubt whether I could have shot very accurately otherwise. As the man approached cautiously down the passageway the bright disc of light danced about until finally it fell full on his breast. I fired. The man fell forward instantly.

Again I fired, this time at the man in the cave entrance. He jumped back, dropping his gun, which exploded harmlessly. His hand was wounded. Quickly

he drew back and disappeared among the trees. We waited in tense silence, and then cautiously

looked out at the mouth of the cave. No one seemed to be about.

"Come-let's make a dash for it," urged Elaine.

We ran out and hurried on down the ravine, ap-

parently not followed.

Back among the trees, however, the wounded man had picked up a rifle which he had hidden. While he was binding up his hand with a handkerchief, he saw us. Painfully he tried to aim his gun. But it was too heavy for his weakened arm and the pain was too great. He had to lower it. With a muttered imprecation. he followed us at a distance

Evidently to us, we had eluded the pursuers, for no one seemed now to be following, at least as far as we could determine. We kept on, however, until we came to the water's edge. There, down the bay, we could see Professor Arnold's yacht.

'Let us see Professor Arnold, anyhow," said Elaine.

leading the way along the shore. We came at last, without being molested, to a little

dock A sailor was standing beside it, and moored to it was a swift motor-boat. Out at anchor was the vacht.

"You are Professor Arnold's man?" asked Elaine. ' Yes'm," he replied, remembering her.

" Is the professor out on his boat?" we asked.

He nodded. "Did you want to see him?"

"Very much," answered Elaine.

"I'll take you out," he offered.

We jumped into the motor-boat, he started the engine and we planed out over the water,

Though we did not see him, the man whom I had wounded was still watching us from the shore, noting every move. He had followed us at a distance across the woods and fields and down along the shore to the dock, had seen us talking to Arnold's man, and get into the boat

From the shore he continued to watch us skim across the bay and pull up alongside the yacht. As we climbed the ladder, he turned and hurried back the way he had come.

Elaine and I climbed aboard the yacht, where we

could see the professor sitting in a wicker deck chair

"Why, how do you do?" he welcomed us, adjusting his glasses so that his eyes seemed, if anything, more

opaque than before. I could not help thinking that, although he was glad to see us, there was a certain air of restraint about him.

Quickly Elaine related the story of finding the bomb in the rocks and the peculiar events and our escape which followed. Once, at the mention of the searchlight gun, Professor Arnold raised his hand and coughed behind it. I felt sure that it was to hide an involuntary expression of satisfaction, and that it must be he who had sent the gun to Elaine.

He was listening attentively to her, while I stood by the rail, now and then looking out over the water. Far away I noted something moving over the surface, like a rod, followed by a thin wake of foam.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "What's that?"

Elaine turned to me, as Arnold seized his glasses. "Why, it seems to be moving directly at us," ex-

claimed Elaine. "By George, it's the periscope of a submarine," cried

Arnold a moment later, lowering his glasses. He did not hesitate an instant. "Get the yacht under way," he ordered the captain,

who immediately shouted his orders to the rest. Quickly the engine started and we ploughed ahead, that ominous-looking periscope following.

In the submarine harbour to which he had been taken. Del Mar found that he had been pretty badly shaken up by the accident to his car. His clothes were torn and his face and body scratched. No bones were broken, however, though the shock had been great. Several of his men were endeavouring to fix him up in the little submarine office, but he was anery, very angry.

At this juncture, a man in a dripping diving-suit entered and pulled off his helmet, after what had

evidently been a hasty trip from the land through the entrance and up again into the harbour. As he approached. Del Mar saw that the man's hand was bound

"What's the matter?" demanded Del Mar. "How

did you get that?"

"That fellow Jameson and the girl did it," he replied, telling what had happened in the cave. "Some one must have given them one of those new searchlight

Del Mar, already ugly, was beside himself with rage

"Where are they?" he asked.

"I saw them go out to the yacht of that Professor

"He's the fellow that gave her the gun," snarled Del Mar. "On the yacht, are they?" An evil smile seemed to spread over his face. "Then

we'll get them all, this time. Man the submarine—the

All left the office on the run, hurrying round the

ledge and down into the open hatch of the submarine. Del Mar came along a moment later, giving orders sharply and quickly. The hatch was closed and the vessel sealed. On all

sides were electrical devices and machines to operate the craft and the torpedoes-an intricate system of things which it seemed as if no human mind could possibly understand. Del Mar threw on a switch. The submarine hummed

and trembled. Slowly she sank in the harbour until she was at the level of the underwater entrance through the rocks. Carefully she was guided out through this entrance into the waters of the larger, real harbour.

Del Mar took his place at the periscope, the eye of the submarine. Anxiously he turned it about and bent

over the image which it projected.

"There it is," he muttered, picking out Arnold's yacht and changing the course of the submarine so that it was headed directly at it, the planes turned so that

they kept the boat just under the surface with only the periscope showing above.

Forward, about the torpedo discharge tubes, men were busy, testing the doors, and getting ready the big

automobile torpedoes. "They must have seen us." muttered Del Mar. "They've started the yacht. But we can beat them

easily. Are you ready?"
"Yes," called back the men forward, pushing a tornedo into the lock-like compartment from which it was launched.

"Let it go, then," bellowed Del Mar.

The torpedo shot out into the water, travelling under her own power, straight at the yacht.

Elaine and I looked back. The periscope was much nearer than before. "Can we outdistance the submarine? "I asked of Arnold.

Arnold shook his head, his face grave. On came the thin line of foam. "I'm afraid we'll have to leave the yacht," he said warningly. "My little motor-boat is much faster."

Arnold shouted his orders as he led us down the ladder to the motor-boat, into which we jumped, followed by as many of the crew as could get in, while the others leaped into the water from the rail of the vacht and struck out for the shore, which was not very distant.

"What's that?" cried Elaine, horrified, pointing back.

The water seemed to be all churned up. A long cigar-shaped affair was slipping along near enough to the surface, so that we could just make it out-murderous, deadly, aimed right at the heart of the yacht. "A torpedo!" exclaimed Arnold. "Cast off!"

We moved off from the yacht as swiftly as the speedy little open motor-boat would carry us, not a minute too soon

The torpedo struck the yacht almost exactly amid-ships. A huge column of water spurted up into the air as though a gigantic whale were blowing off. The

vacht itself seemed lifted from the water and literally broken in half like a brittle rod of glass and dropped back into the water.

Below in the submarine. Del Mar was still at the

periscope directing things.

"A hit!" he cried exultingly. "We got the whole bunch this time!"

He turned to the men to congratulate them, a smile on his evil face. But as he looked again, he caught sight of our little motor-boat skimming safely away

on the other side of the wreck. "The deuce!" he muttered. "Try another. Here's

the direction."

Furiously he swore as the men guided the submarine and loaded another torpedo into a tube. As the tube came into position, they let the torpedo go. An instant later it was hissing its way at us.

"See, there's another!" I cried, catching sight of it. All looked. Sure enough, through the water could

be seen another of those murderous messengers dash. ing at us.

Arnold ran forward and seized the wheel himself. swinging the boat round hard to starboard and the land. We turned just in time. The torpedo, brainless but deadly dashed past us harmlessly.

As fast as we could now we made for the shore. No one could catch us with such a start, not even the swiftest torpedo. We had been rescued by Arnold's

quick wit from a most desperate situation. Somewhere below the water, I could imagine a

man consumed with fury over our escape, as the periscope disappeared and the submarine made off.

We were safe. But, looking out over the water, we could not help shuddering at the perils beneath its peaceful surface.

### CHAPTER IX

#### " THE LIFE CHAIN "

EARLY one morning, a very handsome woman of the adventuress type arrived with several trunks at the big summer hotel, just outside the town, the St Germain.

Among the many fashionable people at the wateringplace, however, she attracted no great attention, and in the forenoon she quietly went out in her motor for a ride.

It was Madame Larenz, one of Del Mar's secret agents, who, up to this time, had been engaged in spying on wealthy and impressionable American manufacturers. Her airing brought her, finally, to the bungalow of

Del Mar, and there she was admitted in a manner that showed that Del Mar trusted her highly.

"Now," he instructed, after a few minutes' chat, "I want you to get acquainted with Miss Dodge You know how to interest her. She's quite human. Pretty gowns appeal to her. Get her to the St. Germain. Then I'll fell you what to do."

A few minutes later the woman left in her car, so

rapidly driven that no one would recognise her.

It was early in the afternoon that Aunt Josephine was sitting on the veranda, when a car drove up and a very stylishly gowned woman stepped out.

"Good afternoon," she greeted Aunt Josephine ingratiatingly as she approached the house. "I am Madame Larenz of New York and Paris. Perhaps you have heard of my shops on Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix."

Aunt Josephine had heard the name, though she

did not know that this woman had assumed it without being in any way connected with the places she mentioned "I'm establishing a new sort of summer service at

the better resorts," the woman explained. "You see. my people find it annoying to go into the city for gowns. So I am bringing the latest Paris models out to them. Is Miss Dodge at home? "

"I think she is playing tennis," returned Aunt Iosephine.

"Oh yes, I see her, thank you," the woman murmured, moving toward the tennis court, at the back of the house.

Elaine and I had agreed to play a couple of games and were tossing rackets for position.

"Very well," laughed Elaine, as she won the toss, "take the other court."

It was a cool day, and I felt in good spirits. Just to see whether I could do it still, I jumped over the net. Our game had scarcely started when we were interrupted by the approach of a very handsome woman.

'Miss Dodge?" she greeted. "Will you excuse me a moment?"

Elaine paused in serving the ball, and the woman handed her a card from her delicate gold mesh bag. It read simply:

#### Mme, Larenz Parie Gowns

Elaine looked at the card a moment while the woman repeated what she had already told Aunt Josephine.

"You have them here, then?" queried Elaine, interested

"Yes, I have some very exclusive models which I am showing at my suite in the St. Germain." "Oh, how lovely !" exclaimed Elaine. "I must see

them." They talked a few minutes, while I waited patiently for Elaine to start the game again. That game, however, was destined never to be finished. More weighty

matters were under discussion.

I wondered what they were talking about, and, suppressing a yawn, I walked toward them. As I approached, I heard scattered remarks about styles and dress fabrics.

Elaine had completely forgotten tennis and me. She took a couple of steps away from the court with

the woman, as I came up.

"Aren't you going to play?" I asked.

"I know you'll excuse me, Walter," smiled Elaine. "My frocks are all so frightfully out of date. And here's a chance to get new ones-very reasonably, too."

They walked off, and I could not help scowling at the visitor. Elaine and Madame Larenz proceeded on toward the house and round it to the front porch, where Aunt Tosephine was standing.

"Just think, Auntie," cried Elaine, "real Paris gowns down here without the trouble of going to the

city-and cheaply, too,"

Aunt Josephine was only mildly interested, but that did not seem to worry Madame Larenz.

"I shall be glad to see you at three, Miss Dodge," she said as she got into her car again and drove off.

By that time, I had caught up with Elaine, "Just

one game," I urged.
"Please excuse me—this time, Walter," she pleaded, laughing. "You don't know how sadly I'm in need of new frocks."

It was no use urging her further. Tennis was out of her mind for good that day. Accordingly, I mounted to my room and there quickly donned my riding clothes.

When I came down I found Aunt Josephine still on the veranda. In addition to my horse, which I had telephoned for, Elaine's little runabout had arrived at the door. While I was talking to Aunt Josephine, Elaine came downstairs and walked over to the car.

"May I come with you?" I pleaded.

"No, Walter," she replied, laughing merrily. "You can't come. I want to try them on."

Properly squelched, I retreated. Elaine drove away, and, a moment later, I mounted and cantered off

leisurely.

Near Del Mar's bungalow might have been seen again the mysterious naturalist, walking along the road with a butterfly net in his hand and what appeared to be a leather specimen-case, perhaps six inches long, under his other arm.

As Madame Larenz whizzed past in her car, he looked up keenly in spite of his seeming near-sightedness and huge smoked glasses. He watched her closely. noting the number of the car, then turned and followed

Madame Larenz drew up, a second time, before Del Mar's. As she got out and entered, the naturalist. having quickened his pace, came up and watched her go in. Then, after taking in the situation for a moment.

he made his way round the side of the bungalow.

"Is Mr. Del Mar at home?" inquired Madame Larenz, as the valet ushered her into the library.

"No, ma'am," he returned. "Mr. Del Mar is out. But he left word that if you came before he got back, you were to leave word."

The woman sat down at the desk and wrote hastily. When she had finished the short note, she read it over

and folded it up. "Tell Mr. Del Mar I've left a note here on his desk,"

she said to the valet A moment later she left the library, followed by the

valet, who accompanied her to her car and assisted her in

"The hotel," she directed to her driver, as he started off, while the valet returned to the bungalow.

Outside, the naturalist had come through the shrubbery and had been looking in at the library window, watching

every move of Madame Larenz as she wrote. As she went out, he paused just a second to look about. Then he drew a long knife from his pocket, forced the window catch, and quickly climbed into the room.

Directly to the desk he went and hurriedly ran over the papers on it. There was the note. He picked it up and read it eagerly.

# My apartment-St. Germain-3 p.m.-LARENZ.

For a moment he seemed to consider what to do-Then he replaced the note. Suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps. It was the valet returning. Quickly the naturalist ran to the window and jumped out.

A moment later, the valet entered the library again. "That's strange," he exclaimed under his breath. "don't recall opening that window over there to-day."

He looked puzzled But as no one was about, he

went over and shut it.

Some distance down the road, the naturalist quietly emerged in safety from the bushes. With scarcely a moment's hesitation, his mind thoroughly made up to his course, he hurried along the road.

Meanwhile, at the St. Germain, Madame Larenz entered and passed through the rotunda of the hotel.

followed by many admiring glances of the men.

Up in her room stood several large trunks, open. From them had been taken a number of gowns which

were scattered about or hung up for exhibition. As she entered, quickly she selected one of the trunks

whose contents were smarter than the rest and laid the gowns out most fetchingly about the room.

In the office of the hotel a few moments later, the naturalist entered. He looked round curiously, then went to the desk and glanced over the register. At the name " Mme Larenz, Paris, Room 22," he paused.

For some seconds he stood thinking. Then he deliberately walked over to a leather chair and took a prominent seat near-by in the lobby. He had discarded his net, but still had the case which now he had shoved into his pocket. From a table he picked up a newspaper.

It was not ong before Del Mar pulled up before the hotel and entered in his usual swagger manner. He had returned to the bungalow, read the note, and hurried

over to the St Germain. He crossed the lobby, back to the office. As he did so, the naturalist had his face hidden deeply in the

open newspaper. But no sooner had Del Mar passed than the newspaper fell unappreciated and he gazed after him, as he left the lobby by the back way. It was only a few minutes after she had completed

arranging her small stock so that it looked quite impressive, that Madame Larenz heard a knock at the door and recognised Del Mar's secret code. She opened

the door, and he strode in.

"I got your note," he said briefly, coming directly to business and telling her just what he wanted done. Let me see," he concluded, glancing at his watch, "It is after three now. She ought to be here any minute."

Outside. Elaine drove up to the rather garish entrance of the St. Germain, and one of the boys in uniform ran forward to open the door and take charge of the car. She too crossed the lobby without seeing the old naturalist, though nothing escaped him.

As she passed, he started to rise and cross toward

her, then appeared to change his mind

Elaine went on out through the back of the lobby. directed by a boy, and mounted a flight of stairs, in preference to taking the lift to the second, or sort of mezzanine floor Down along the corridor she went, hunting for number twenty-two. At last she found it at the end, and knocked.

Del Mar and Madame Larenz were still talking in low tones when they heard a light tap on the door.

"There she is, now," whispered Larenz.
"All right. Let her in," answered Del Mar, leaping quietly to a closet. "I'll hide here until I get the signal. Do just as I told you."

Outside, at the same time, according to his carefully concocted plans. Del Mar's car had driven up and

stopped close to the side of the hotel, which was on a slight hill that brought the street level here not so far below the second-story windows. Three of his most

trusted men were in the car

Madame Larenz opened the door. "Oh, I'm so glad you came," she rattled on to Elaine. 'You see, I've got to get started. Not a customer yet. But if you'll got to get stated. Not a customer yet. But it you in only take a few gowns, other people will come to me. I'll let you have them cheaply, too. Just look at this one." She held up one filmy, creamy creation that looked

like a delicate flower.

"I'd like to try it on," cried Elaine, fingering it

rapturously. 'By all means," agreed Madame. "We are alone.

Do so.

With deft fingers, Larenz helped her take off her own very pretty dress. As Elaine slipped the soft gown over her head, with her head and arms engaged in its multitudinous folds, Madame Larenz, a powerful woman, seized her. Elaine was effectually gagged and bound in the gown itself.

Instantly, Del Mar flung himself from the closet. and together they wrapped the dress about Flaine

even more tightly to prevent her screaming. Madame Larenz seized a blanket and threw that over Elaine's head also, while Del Mar ran to the

window. There were his men in the car, waiting below, "Are you ready?" he called softly to them. They looked about carefully. There was no one on

that side of the hotel just at the moment.

"Ready," responded one. "Quick!"
Together, Del Mar and Madame Larenz passed
Elaine, ineffectually struggling, out of the window. The men seized her and placed her in the bottom of the car, which was covered. Then they shot away, taking a back road up the hill.

Hurriedly the naturalist went through the lobby in the direction Elaine had gone, and a moment later reached the corridor above.

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Down it, he could hear some one coming out of room twenty-two. He slid into an angle and hid.

It was Del Mar and the woman he had seen at the bungalow. They passed by without discovering him, nor could he make out anything that they said. What

mischief was afoot? Where was Elaine?

He ran to the door and tried it. It was locked. Quickly, he took from his pocket a skeleton key and unlocked it. There was Elaine's hat and dress lying in a heap on the bed. But she was not there. He was

now thoroughly alarmed.

She could not have passed him in the hall. Therefore she must have gone or been taken out through the window. That would never have been voluntary.

especially leaving her things there.

The window was still open. He ran to it. One glance out was enough. He leaped to the ground.

Sure enough, there were motor tracks in the dust.
"Del Mar's car." he muttered to himself, studying

them

He ran round the side of the hotel. There he came suddenly upon Elaine's car standing alone, and recognised it. There was no time for delay. He jumped into it.

There was no time for delay. He jumped into it, and let the swift little racer out as he turned and gathered momentum to shoot up the hill on high speed.

Meanwhile, I had been jogging along through the country, lonely and disconsolate. I don't know how it happened, but I suppose it was by some subconscious desire. At any rate, I found myself at the road that came out across one leading to the St. Germain, and it occurred to me that Elaine might by this time have purchased enough frocks to clothe her for a year. At any rate, I quickened my pace in the hope of seeing her.

Suddenly, my horse shied and a familiar little car flashed past me. But the driver was not familiar. It was Elaine's roadster. In it was a stranger—a man who looked like a "bugologist," as nearly as I can describe him. Was he running off with her car while

she was waiting inside the hotel?

## I galloped after him.

Del Mar's car, with Elaine bound and gagged in it, drove rapidly by back and unfrequented ways into the country until at last it pulled up before an empty two-

story house in a grove of trees.

The men leaped out, lifted Elaine, and carried her bodily into the house, taking her upstairs and into a upper room. She had fainted when they laid her down and loosened the dress from about her face so that she could breathe. There they left her, on the floor, her hands and feet bound, and went out.

How long she lay there she never knew, but at last the air revived her and she regained consciousness and sat up. Her muscles were sore and her head ached. But she set her teeth and began struggling with the cords that bound her, managing at last to pull the dress

over herself at least.

In Elaine's car, the naturalist drove slowly at times, following the tracks of the car ahead. At last, however, he came to a place where he saw that the tracks went up a lonely side road. To approach in a car was to warn whoever was there. He ran the car up along-side the road in the bushes and jumped out, leaving it and following the tracks up the side roadway.

As he approached a single deserted house, he left even the narrow road altogether and plunged into the woods, careful to proceed noiselessly. Through the bushes, near the house, he peered. There he could so one of Del Mar's men in the doorway, apparently talking

to others behind him.

Stealthily the naturalist crept around, still hiding, until he was closer to the house on the other side. At last he worked his way round to the rear door. He tried it. It was bolted, and even the skeleton key was unavailing to slide the bolt. Seconds were precious.

Quickly, he went to the corner of the house. There was a water-leader. He began to climb it, risking its

precarious support.

On the roof at last, the naturalist crawled along,

looking for some way of getting into the house. But he could not seem to find any. Carefully, he crawled to the edge of the roof and looked over. Below, he could hear sounds, but could make nothing of them.

From his pocket he took the leather case and opened it. There was a peculiar arrangement, like some of the collapsible arms on which telephone instruments are often fastened to a desk or wall, capable of being collapsed into small space or of being extended for some distance. On the thing was arranged a system of mirrors, which the naturalist adjusted.

It was a pocket periscope.

He thrust the thing over the edge of the roof and down, and looked through it. Below, he could see into

the room from which came the peculiar sounds.

He looked anxiously. There he could see Elaine endeavouring still to loosen the cords and unable to do so. Only for a moment he looked. Then he folded up the pocket -periscope into the case and showed it back into his pocket. Quickly he crossed the roof again, and slid back down the rain-pipe.

At the door stood three of Del Mar's men waiting for Del Mar, who had told them he would follow im-

mediately.

The naturalist had by this time reached the ground and was going along carefully behind the house. He drew his revolver and, pointing it down, fired. Then he dodged behind an extension and disappeared for the moment.

Instantly, the three men sprang up and ran toward the spot where it seemed the shot had been fired. There was no one about the side of the house. But the wind had carried the smoke into some bushes beside the grove and they crashed into the bushes, beating about.

At the same time, the naturalist, having first waited until he saw which way the men were going, dashed round the house in the opposite direction. Then, unopposed and unobserved, he slipped in through the open front door, up the stairs, and along to the room into which he had just been looking. He unlocked the door, and entered. Elaine was still struggling with the cords when she caught sight of the stranger. "Not a word," he cautioned under his breath.

She was indeed too frightened to cry out. Ouickly he loosed her, still holding his finger to his lips to enjoin silence.

"Follow me," he whispered.

She obeyed mechanically, and they went out into the hall. On downstairs went the naturalist Elaine still keeping close after him.

He looked out through the front door, then drew back. Quickly he went through the lower hall until he came to the back door in the kitchen, Elaine follow-

ing. He unbolted the door and opened it. "Run," he said simply, pointing out of the door.

"They're coming back the other way. I'll hold them."

She needed no further urging, but darted from the house as he closed the door after her.

It was just at this point that Del Mar came riding along the main road on horseback. He pulled up

suddenly as he saw a car run in alongside the road.

"That's Elaine's runabout," he muttered, as he dismounted and tied his horse. "How came it here?"

He approached the car, much worried by its un-accountable presence there instead of before the St. Germain. Then he drew his gun and hurried up the side road.

He heard a shot and quickened his pace. In the woods unexpectedly he came upon his three men still beating about, searching with drawn revolvers for the person who had fired the shot.

"Well," he demanded sharply, "what's all this?" "Some one fired a shot," they explained, somewhat

crestfallen "It was a trick, you fools," he answered testily.

"Get back to your prisoner." Without a word they turned and hurried toward the

house, Del Mar following. "You two go in," he ordered the foremost. "I'll go round the house with Patrick."

As Del Mar and the other man ran round the corner, they could just catch a fleeting glimpse of some one disappearing among the trees.

It was Elaine.

The man hurried forward, blazing away with his

Running, breathless, Elaine heard the shot behind her which Del Mar's man had fired in his eagerness. The bullet struck a tree near her with a "ping!" She glanced back and saw the man. But she did not stop. Instead, she redoubled her efforts, running zigzag in

among the trees where they were thickest.

Del Mar, a little bit behind his man, where she could not recognise him, urged the man on, following care-

fully.

On fled Elaine, her heart beating fast, Suddenly she stopped and almost cried out in vexation. A stream blocked her retreat, a stream, swift and deep.

She looked back, terrified. Her pursuers were coming ahead fast now in her direction. Wildly she gazed around. There was a canoe on the bank. In an instant she jumped in, untied it, and seized the

paddle.

Off she went, striking for the opposite shore. But the current was racing swiftly, and she was already tired and exhausted. She could scarcely make any headway at all in the fierce eddies. But at least, she thought hurriedly, she was getting farther and farther away from them down-stream.

Up above, Del Mar and his man came to the edge of the water. There they stood for a moment looking

down.

"There she is," pointed the man. Del Mar raised his revolver and fired.

Suddenly a bullet struck Elaine's paddle and broke it. Clutching the useless splintered shaft, she was now at the mercy of the current, swept along like a piece of driftwood.

She looked about frantically. What was that roaring noise?

It was the waterfalls ahead!

In the meantime, Del Mar's other two men had entered the house and had run upstairs, fearing his wrath if anything had happened. As they did so, the naturalist poked his head cautiously out of the kitchen where he had been hiding, and saw them. Then he followed noiselessly, his revolver ready.

Headlong they ran into the room where they had

left Elaine. She was gone!

Before they could turn, the naturalist locked the door, turned and took the steps down, two at a

time.

Then he ran out of the front door and into the woods at an angle to the direction taken by Elaine, turning and going downhill, where a rapid, swollen stream

curved about through a gorge. As he reached the stream, he heard a shot above, and a scream. He looked up. There was Elaine, swept down toward him. Below he knew the stream tumbled over

a tall cataract into the gorge below.

What could be do?

A sudden crackling of the twigs caused him to turn

and catch sight of me, just coming up.

For, as best I could on horsehack, I had followed Elaine's car until at last I saw that it had been abandoned. Thoroughly alarmed, I rode on, past a deserted house, until suddenly I heard a shot and a scream. It seemed to come from below me. I leaped off my horse, and made for it as fast as I could, racing toward a stream whose roar I could hear.

There on the bank I came upon a queer old codger, looking about wildly. Was he the motor thief? I ran forward, ready to seize him. But as I did so, he whirled about and, with a strength remarkable in one so old, seized my own wrist before I could get his.

"Look!" he cried simply, pointing up the stream.

I did. A girl in a canoe was coming down toward

the falls, screaming, her paddle broken and useless. My heart leaped into my mouth. It was Elaine!

"Come," he panted eagerly to me. "I can save her. You must do just as I say."

He pointed to an overhanging rock near-by and we

ran to it.

By this time Elaine was almost upon us, each second getting nearer the veritable maelstrom above the falls. From the rock overhung also a tree at the very edge of the water.

There was nothing to do but obey him. Above, though we did not see them, Del Mar and his man were gloating over the result of their work. But they were

gloating too soon. We came to the rock and the tree. "Here." cried the new-found friend, "I'll get hold

of the tree and then hold you."

Instantly he threw himself on his stomach, hooking his leg about the tree trunk. I crawled out over the ledge of slippery rock to the very edge and looked over. It was the only chance.

The old naturalist seized my legs in his hands. I slid down the rock, letting myself go.

Literally, his presence of mind had invented what

was really a life chain, a human rope. On came the canoe. Elaine in it as white as death.

crying out and trying to stop or guide it as, nearer and nearer through the smooth-worn walls of the chasm, it whirled to the falls,

With a grip of steel, the naturalist held to the tree, which swaved and bent, while also he held me, as if in a vice, head down.

On came Elaine-directly towards us.

She stood up and balanced herself, a dangerous feat in a canoe at any time, but doubly so in those dark, swirling, treacherous waters.

"Steady!" I encouraged. "Grab my arms!"

As the canoe reached us, she gave a little jump and seized my forearms. Her hands slipped, but I grasped her own arms, and we held each other.

The momentum of her body was great. For an

instant I thought we were all going over. But the naturalist held his grip and slowly began to pull himself and us up the slippery rock.

A second later the canoe crashed over the falls in a

cloud of spray and pounding water.

As we reached the bank above the rock, I almost lifted Elaine, and set her down, trembling and gasping for breath. Before either of us knew it the queer old fellow had plunged into the bushes and was gone without another word

"Walter," she cried, "call him back. I must tell him

how much I owe him-my life!"

But he had disappeared, absolutely. We shouted after him. It was of no use.

"Well, what do you think of that?" cried Elaine, "He saved my life-then didn't wait even to be thanked "

Who was he?

We looked at each other a moment. But neither of us spoke what was in our hearts.

# CHAPTER X

### "THE FLASH"

ALONE in the doorway before his rude shack on the shore of the promontory sat an old fisherman, gazing out fixedly at the harbour as though deeply concerned over the weather, which, as usual, was unseasonable.

Suddenly he started and would have disappeared into his hut but for the fact that, although he could not himself be seen, he had already seen the intruder.

It was a trooper from Fort Dale. He galloped up and, as though obeying to the letter his instructions, deliberately dropped an envelope at the feet of the fisherman. Then, without a word, he galloped away

deinogates dispersion in the fisherman. Then, without a word, he galloped away again.

The fisherman picked up the envelope and opened it quickly. Inside was a photograph and a note. He

FORT DALE.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD,

read:

J. Smith, clerk in the War Department, has disappeared. We are not sure, but fear that he has a copy of the new Sandy Hook Defence Plans. It is believed he is headed your way. He walks with a slight limp. Look out for him.

# LIEUTENANT WOODWARD.

For a long time the fisherman appeared to study the face on the photograph until he had it indelibly implanted in his memory, as if by some system such as that of the immortal Bertillon and his clever "portrait parlé," or spoken picture, for scientific identification and apprehension. It was not a pleasant face and there were features that were not easily forgotten.

Finally he turned and entered his hut. Hastily he took off his stained reefer. From a wooden chest he drew another outfit of clothes. The transformation was complete. When he issued forth from his hut again, it was no longer the aged disciple of Izaak Walton. He was now a trim chauffeur, bearded and goggled.

In the library of his bungalow Del Mar was pacing up and down, now and then scowling to himself, as though there flashed over his mind stray recollections of how some of his most cherished plans were miscarrying.

Still, on the whole, he had nothing to complain of, for, a moment later, the valet entered with a telegram for which he had evidently been waiting. Del Mar seized it eagerly and tore open the vellow envelope. On the blank was printed in the usual way the following non-committal message :

### Washington, D. C., August 12, 1015.

MR. DEL MAR ---

What you request is coming. Answer to sign of the ring.-SMITH.

"Good," muttered Del Mar as he finished reading. "Strange what a little gold will do-when you know how to dispose of it."

He smiled cynically to himself at the sentiment.

At the little railroad station they were quite proud of the fact that at least two of the four hacks had been replaced already by taxicabs.

It was, then, with some surprise and not a little open jealousy that they saw a new taxicab drive up and take its stand by the platform.

If the chauffeur, transformed from the lonely fisherman, had expected a cordial reception, he might better have stayed before his hut, for the glances the other drivers gave him were as black and lowering as the clouds he had been looking at.

The new chauffeur got off his seat. Instead of trying to brazen it out, he walked over to the others, who were standing in a group waiting for the approaching

train whose whistle had already sounded.
"I'm not going to locate here permanently," he said,

pulling out a roll of bills as he spoke. "Leave any fare I claim to me," he added, passing a bill of a good denomination to each of the four jehus.

They looked at him curiously. But what business

They looked at him curiously. But what business of theirs was it? The money felt good.

"All right, bo," they agreed.

Thundering down the platform came the afternoon train, a great event in the town life.

As the baggage was being tossed off, the passengers

alighted and the five hackmen swarmed at them.
"Keb, sir, kerridge? Taxi, lady?"

From the Pullman alighted a widow, in deep mourning. As she got off and moved down the platform, it was apparent that she walked with a pronounced limp. At the end of the platform, the chauffeurs were still

calling, while the newcomer looked over the crowd hastily. Suddenly he caught sight of the face of the widow. He stepped forward as she approached. The others held back as they had agreed and paid no attention. It was like forcing a card.

He held the door open and she entered the cab, un-

suspecting. "Mr. Del Mar's," she directed, simply.
As the new taxicab driver cranked his engine and

As the new taxicab driver cranked his engine and climbed into the seat, he was careful to let no action of his, however small, betray the intense satisfaction he felt at the working of his scheme.

He pulled away from the station. On through the pretty country roads the chauffeur drove the heavilyveiled widow until at last they came to Del Mar's bungalow.

At the gate he stopped and ran around to open the door to assist his fare to alight.

door to assist his lare to alight

"Wait for me," she said, without paying him yet.
"I shall not be long and I want to be driven back to the station to catch the four twenty-nine to New York."

As she limped up the gravel walk, he watched her closely. She went to the door and rang the bell, and the valet admitted her.

Del Mar was still sitting, thinking, in the library.

"Mr. Del Mar ?" she inquired.

The voice was not exactly soft, and Del Mar eyed her suspiciously. Was this the person he expected, or a "plant"?
"Yes," he answered guardedly, "I am Mr. Del Mar.

"Yes," he answered guardedly, "I am Mr. Del Mar And you?"

The widow, too, evidently wished to make no mistake. As she spoke, she raised her hand. By that simple action she displayed a curious and conspicuous seal ring on her finger. It was the sign of the ring for which Del Mar had been waiting.

He extended his own left hand. On the ring finger was another ring, but not similar. As he did so, the widow took the ring from her own finger and placed it on the little finger of Del Mar.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

Every action of the sign of the ring had been carried out.

out.

The woman raised her thick veil, disclosing the face of—a man!

It was the same face, also, that had appeared in the photograph sent to the old fisherman by Woodward.

Awkwardly, the man searched in the front of his shirthward and drew forth a paper which Del Mar almost seized in his eagerness. It was a pen-and-ink copy of a Government map, showing a huge spit of sand in the sea before a harbour, Sandy Hook and New York. On it were indicated all the defences, the positions of guns, everything.

everything.

Together, Del Mar and Smith bent over it, while the renegade clerk explained each mark on the traitorous map. They were too occupied to see a face flattened against the pane of a window near-bu.

The chauffeur had no intention of remaining inactive outside while he knew that something that interested him was transpiring inside. He had crept up by the side of the house to the window. But he could see little and hear nothing.

A moment he strained every sense. It was no use. He must devise some other way. How could he get into that room? Slowly he returned to his car, thinking it over. There he stood for a moment revolving in his mind what to do. He looked up the road. An idea came to him. There he saw a little runabout approach-

ing rapidly.

Quickly he went round to the front of his car and lifted up the hood. Then he bent over and pretended to be tinkering with his engine.

As the car was about to pass he deliberately stepped back, apparently not seeing the runabout, and was struck and knocked down

The runabout stopped, the emergency brakes biting hard.

Elaine had asked me to go shopping in the village with her that afternoon. While I waited for her in her little car, she came down at last, carrying a little handbag. We drove off a moment later.

It was a delightful ride, not too warm, but sunny.

Without realising it, we found ourselves on the road that led past Del Mar's. As we approached, I saw that there was a taxicab standing in front of the gate. The hood was lifted and the driver was apparently tinkering with his

engine. "Let's not stop," said Elaine, who had by this time

a peculiar aversion to the man. As we passed, the driver, apparently not seeing us, stepped out and, before we could turn out, we had

knocked him down. We stopped and ran back.

There he lay on the road, seemingly unconscious.

We lifted him up and I looked toward Del Mar's house. " Help!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

The valet came to the door.

Hearing me, the valet ran out down the walk, "All

right!" he cried. "I'll be there in a minute."

With his help I picked up the taxicab chauffeur and

we carried him into the house. Del Mar was talking with a person who looked like

a widow, when they heard our approach up the walk

carrying the injured man.

So engrossed had they been in discerning what the stolen document contained that, as we finally entered, the widow had only time to drop her veil and conceal her identity as the renegade Smith. Del Mar still held the plan in his hand.

The valet and I entered with Elaine and we placed the chauffeur on a couch near Del Mar's desk. I remember that there was this strange woman all in black.

heavily veiled, in the room at the time.

"I think we ought to telephone for a doctor," said Elaine, placing her hand-bag on the desk and excitedly telling Del Mar how we had accidentally knocked the man down.

"Call up my doctor, Henry," said Del Mar, hastily thrusting the plan into a book lying on the desk.

We gathered about the man, trying to revive him.
"Have you a little stimulant?" I asked, turning from him.

Del Mar moved toward a cellarette built into the wall. We were all watching him, our backs to the chauffeur, when suddenly he must have regained consciousness very much. Like a flash his hand shot out. He seized the plan from between the leaves of the book. He had not time to get away with it himself. Perhaps he might be searched. He opened Elaine's bag, and thrust it in.

The valet by this time had finished telephoning and

spoke to Del Mar.

"The doctor will be here shortly, Miss Dodge," said Del Mar. "You need not wait, if you don't care to. I'll take care of him."

"Oh, thank you-ever so much," she murmured.

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"Of course it wasn't our fault, but I feel sorry for the poor fellow. Tell the doctor to send me the bill."

She and Del Mar shook hands. I thought he held her hand perhaps a little longer and a little tighter than usual. At any rate Elaine seemed to think so.

"Why, what a curious ring, Mr. Del Mar," she said, finally releasing her own hand from his grasp.

Then she looked quickly at the woman, half joking, as if the ring had something to do with the strange woman. She looked back at the ring. Del Mar smiled,

shook his head, and laughed easily.

Then Elaine picked up her bag and we went out. A moment later we climbed back into the car and were off again.

Having left us at the door. Del Mar hurried back to the library. He went straight to the desk and picked up the book, eager now to make sure of the safety of the plan.

It was gone !

"Did you, Smith-" he began hastily, then checked himself, knowing that the clerk had not taken the plan.

Del Mar walked over to the couch and stood a moment looking at the chauffeur. "I wonder who he is." he said to himself. "I don't recall ever seeing him at the station or in the village."

He leaned over closer. "The deuce!" he exclaimed.

"that's a fake beard the fellow has on." Del Mar made a lunge for it. As he did so, the

chauffeur leaped to his feet and drew a gun. "Hands up!" he shouted. "And the first man that moves is a

dead one ! " Before the secret agent knew it, both he and Smith were covered. The chauffeur took a step toward Smith and unceremoniously jerked off the widow's weeds, as

well as the wig.

At that very moment one of Del Mar's men came up to the secret panel that opened from the underground passageway into his library. He was about to open it when he heard a sound on the other side that startled him. He listened a moment, then slid it just a short

distance and looked in.

There he saw a chauffeur holding up Del Mar and Smith. Having pulled the disguise from Smith, he went next round Del Mar and took his gun from his pocket, then passed his hands over the folds of Smith's dress, but found no weapon. He stepped back away from them.

At that point the man quietly slid the panel all the way open and silently stepped into the room, behind the chauffeur. Cautiously he began speaking up on

him.

As he did so, Del Mar and Smith watched, fascinated. Somehow their faces must have betrayed that something was wrong. For, as the newcomer leaped at him, the chauffeur turned suddenly and fired. The shot wounded the man.

It was a signal for a free-for-all fight. Del Mar and Smith leaped at the intruder, Over and over they rolled, breaking furniture, overturning and smashing

bric-a-brac.

Del Mar's revolver was knocked out of the chauffeur's hand. With a blow of a chair, the chauffeur laid out Smith, entangled in his unfamiliar garments, shook himself loose from the two others, and made a rush at the door.

Del Mar paused only long enough to pick up the revolver from the floor. Instantly he fired at the retreating form. But the chauffeur had passed out and banged shut the door. Down the walk he sped and out to the gate, into his car, the engine of which he had left running.

Hard after him came Del Mar and the rest, joined now by Henry the valet. One shot was left in the chauffeur's revolver and he blazed away as he got into the car.

"He's got me," groaned Smith as he stumbled and fell forward.

On kept Del Mar and the others. They reached the car just as it was starting. But the chauffeur knocked

the gun from Del Mar's hand before he could get a good aim and fire, at the same time bowling over the man who had come through the panel.

Off the car went, now rapidly gaining speed. Del

Mar had just time to swing on to the rear of it.

Round the rapidly-driven car he climbed, hanging on for dear life, over the mud-guard and toward the running-board. On sped the car, swaying crazily back and forth, Del Mar crouching on the running-board and working his way slowly and perilously to the front

The chauffeur felt the weight of some one on that side. Just as he turned to see what it was, Del Mar leaped at him. Still holding the wheel, the chauffeur fought him off with his free hand, Del Mar holding on to some spare tires with one hand, also. Handicapped by having the steering-wheel to manage, nevertheless the chauffeur seemed quite well able to give a good account of himself.

Somehow, Elaine and I must have been hoodooed that day.

after the accident to the chauffeur, when we heard a mysterious knock in the engine.

"More engine trouble," I sighed, "Pull up along

the road and I'll see if I can fix it."

We stopped and both got out. There was no fake about this trouble or about the dirt and grease I acquired on my hands and face, tinkering with that motor. For, regardless of my immaculate flannels, I had to set to work. A huge snot of grease scattered on me. Elaine

laughed outright.

"Here, let me powder your nose, Walter," she cried, undismayed at our trouble, gaily opening her bag. "Well—of all things—what's this, and where did it come from?"

I turned from the engine and looked. She was holding some kind of plan or document in her hand. In blank surprise she examined it. It looked like a fort or a series of forts. But I was sure at a glance that it was not Fort Dale.

"What do you think it is, Walter?" she asked, handing it to me. I took it and examined it carefully. Incredible as

it seemed. I figured out quickly that it must be nothing

short of a plan of the new defences at Sandy Hook.
"I don't know what it all means," I said. "But I do know that we won't get any dinner till I get this engine running again."

I fell to work again, eager to get away with our dangerous prize, Elaine now and then advising me. Finally I turned the engine over. For a wonder it ran smoothly. "Well, that's all right, at last," I sighed. wiping the grease off my hands on a piece of waste.

"What's the matter now?" exclaimed Elaine, turning quickly and looking up the road along which we

had just come.

There, lurching along at full speed, was a car. Two men were actually fighting on the front of it, regardless of speed and safety. As it neared us, I saw it was the taxicab that had been standing before Del Mar's. I looked closer at it. To my utter amazement, who should be driving it but the very chauffeur whom we had left at Del Mar's only a few minutes before, apparently unconscious. He could not have been hurt very badly, for he was not only able to drive but was fighting off a man clinging on the running-board.

On rushed the car, directly at us. Just as it passed us, the chauffeur seemed to summon all his strength. He struck a powerful blow at the man, recoiled and straightened out his car just in time. The man fell,

literally at our feet.

It was Del Mar himself!

On sped the taxicab. Bruised though he must have been by the fall, Del Mar nevertheless raised himself by the elbow and fired every chamber of his revolver as fast as he could pump the bullets.

I must say that I admired the man's pluck. Elaine

and I hurried over to him. I still had in my hand the

queer paper which she had found so strangely in her

hand-bag. "Why, what's all this about?" I asked eagerly.
Before I could raise him up, Del Mar had regained

" Just a plain crook, who attacked me," he muttered,

brushing off his clothes to cover up the quick recognition of what it was that I was holding in my hand, for

he had seen the plan immediately.

"Can't we drive you back?" asked Elaine, quite forgetting our fears of Del Mar in the ugly predica-ment in which he had just been. "We've had trouble. but I guess we can get you back."

"Thank you," he said, forcing a smile. "I think anything would be an improvement on my ride here,

and I'm sure you can do more than you claim." He climbed up and sat on the floor of the roadster, his feet outside, and we drove off. At last we pulled

up at Dodge Hall again "Won't you come in?" asked Elaine as we got out.
"Thank you, I believe I will for a few minutes,"

consented Del Mar, concealing his real eagerness to follow me. "I'm all shaken up. As we entered the living-room, I was thinking about

the map. I opened a table drawer, hastily took the plan from my pocket, and locked it in the drawer. Elaine, meanwhile, was standing with Del Mar, who

was talking, but in reality watching me closely.

A smile of satisfaction seemed to flit over his face as he saw what I had done and now knew where the paper was.

I turned to him. "How are you now?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm much better—all right," he answered. Then he looked at his watch. "I've a very important appointment. If you'll excuse me, I'll walk over to my place. Thank you again, Miss Dodge, ever so kindly.

He bowed low and was gone

Down the road past where we had turned, before a pretty little shingle house, the taxicab chauffeur stopped. One of the bullets had taken effect on him and his shoulder was bleeding. But the worst, as he seemed to think it, was that another shot had given

him a flat tire.

He jumped out and looked up the road whence he had come. No one was following. Still, he was worried. He went round to look at the tire. But he was too weak now from loss of blood. It had been nerve and reserve force that had carried him through. Now that the strain was off, he felt the reaction to the

Just then the doctor and his driver, whom the valet had already summoned to Del Mar's, came speeding down the road. The doctor saw the chauffeur fall in a half faint, stopped his car, and ran to him. The chauffeur had kept up as long as he could. He had now sunk down beside his machine in the road.

A moment later they picked him up and carried him into the house. There was no acting about his hurts now. In the house they laid the man down on a couch and the doctor made a hasty examination.

" How is he?" asked one of the kind Samaritans.

"The wound is not dangerous," replied the physician, but he's lost a lot of blood. He cannot be moved for some time yet."

We talked about nothing else at Dodge Hall after dressing for dinner but the strange events over at Del Mar's and what had followed. The more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me that we would never be left over night in peaceful possession of the plan which both Elaine and I decided ought on the following day to be sent to Washington.

Accordingly I cudgelled my brain for some method protecting both ourselves and it. The only thing I could think of was a scheme once adopted by Kennedy in another case. How I longed for him! But I had to do my best alone.

I had a small quick shutter camera that had belonged to Craig, and just as we were about to retire I brought it into the living-room with a package I had had sent up from the village.

"What are you going to do?" asked Elaine curiously.

I assumed an air of mystery but did not say, for I was not sure but that even now some one was eavesdropping. It was not late, but the country air made us all sleepy, and Aunt Josephine, looking at the clock, soon announced that she was going to retire.

She had no sooner said good night than Elaine began again to question me. But I had determined not to tell her what I was doing, for if my imitation of Kennedy

failed. I knew that she would laugh at me.

"Oh. very well," she said finally in pique, "then, if you're going to be so secret about it, you can sit up

alone—there ! "

She flounced off to bed. Sure as I could be at last that I was alone, I opened the package. There were the tools that I had ordered, a coil of wire and some dry cells. Then I went to the table, unlocked the drawer and put the plan in my pocket. I had determined that whether the idea worked or not, no one was to get the plan except by overcoming me.

Although I was no expert at wiring, I started to make the connections under the table with the drawer, not a very difficult thing to do as long as it was to be only temporary and for the night. From the table I ran the wires along the edge of the carpet until I came to the bookcase. There, masked by the books, I placed the little quick shutter camera, and at a distance also concealed the flash-light pan.

Next I aimed the camera carefully, and focused it on a point above the drawer on the writing-table where any one would be likely to stand if he attempted to open it. Then I connected the shutter of the camera and a little spark coil in the flash-pan with the wires, using an apparatus to work the shutter such as I recalled having seen Craig use. Finally I covered the sparking device with the flash-light powder, gave a last look about and snapped off the light.

Up in my bedroom, I must say I felt like "some "

detective and I could not help slapping myself on the chest for the ingenuity with which I had duplicated Craig.

Then I lay down on the bed with my clothes on and picked up a book, determined to keep awake to see if anything happened. It was a good book, but I was tired, and in spite of myself I nodded over it, and then dropped it.

In his bungalow, now that Smith had gone back again to New York and Washington, Del Mar was preparing to keep the important engagement he had told us about, another of his nefarious nocturnal expeditions.

He drew a cap on his head, well over his ears and forehead. His eyes and face he concealed as well as he could with a mask to be put on later. To his equip-ment he added a gun. Then with a hasty word or two to his valet, he went out.

By back ways so that even in the glare of motor headlights he would not be recognised, he made his way to Dodge Hall. As he saw the house looming up in the moonlight he put on his mask and approached cau-tiously. Gaining the house, he opened a window. noiselessly turning the catch as deftly as a housebreaker. and climbed into the living-room.

A moment he looked around, then tiptoed over to the table. He looked at it to be sure that it was the right one and the right drawer. Then he bent down to

force the drawer open. "Pouf!" a blinding flash came and a little metallic click of the shutter, followed by a cloud of smoke,

As quick as it happened, there went through Del Mar's head the explanation. It was a concealed camera. He sprang back, clapping his hands over his face. Out of range for a moment, he stood gazing about the room, trying to locate the thing.

Suddenly he heard footsteps. He dived through the window that he had opened, just as some one ran in

and switched on the lights.

Half asleep, I heard a muffled explosion, as if of a flash-light. I started up and listened. Surely some one was moving about downstairs. I pulled my gun from my pocket and ran out of the room. Down the stairs I flurg myself two at a time.

In the living-room, I switched on the lights in time to see some one disappear through an open window. I ran to the window and looked out. There was a man, half doubled up, running round the side of the house

and into a clump of bushes; then I lost him. I fired

out of the window and called.

My only answer was an imprecation and a return volley that shattered the glass above my head. I ducked hastily and fell flat on the floor, for in the light

streaming out I must have been a good mark.

I was not the only one who heard the noise. The shots quickly awakened Elaine and she leaped out of

bed and put on her kimono. Then she lighted the

lights and ran downstairs.

The intruder had disappeared by this time, and I had got up and was peering out at the window as she came breathlessly into the living-room.

"What's the matter, Walter?" she asked.

"Some one broke into the house after those plans," I replied. "He escaped, but I got his picture, I think, by this device of Kennedy's. Let's go into a dark room

and develop it."

There was no use trying to follow the man farther.

To Elaine's inquiry of what I meant, I replied by merely going over to the spot where I had hidden the camera

and disconnecting it.

We went upstairs where I had rigged up an impromptu dark room for my amateur photographic work some days before. Elaine watched me closely. At last I found that I had developed something. As I drew the film through the hypo tray and picked it up, I held it to the red light.

Elaine leaned over and looked at the film with me. There was a picture of a masked man, his cap down, in a startled attitude, his hands clapped to his face, completely hiding what the mask and cap did not hide

"Well, I'll be blowed!" I cried in chagrin at the outcome of what I thought had been my cleverest coup.

A little exclamation of astonishment escaped Elaine.

I turned to her. "What is it?" I asked.
"The ring!" she cried.

I looked again more closely. On the little finger of the left hand was a peculiar ring. Once seen, I think it was not readily forgotten.

"The ring!" she repeated excitedly. "Don't you remember-that ring? I saw it on Mr. Del Mar's hand—at his house—this afternoon!"

I could only stare.

At last we had a real clue!

In his bungalow, Del Mar at that moment threw down his hat and tore off his mask furiously. What had he done?

For a long time he sat there, his chin on his hand, gazing fixedly before him, planning to protect himself,-planning revenge.

#### CHAPTER XI

#### "THE DISAPPEARING HELMETS'

It was early the following morning that, very excited, Elaine and I showed Aunt Josephine the photograph which we had snapped and developed by using Kennedy's trick method.

"But who is it?" asked Aunt Josephine, examining the print carefully and seeing nothing but a face masked and with a pair of hands before it, a seal ring on the

little finger of one hand.
"Oh, I forgot that you hadn't seen the ring before."

explained Elaine. "Why, we knew him at once, in spite of everything, by that seal ring—Mr. Del Mar!"
"Mr. Del Mar?" repeated Aunt Josephine, looking

from one to the other of us, incredulous.

"I saw the ring at his own bungalow and on his own finger," reiterated Elaine positively.

"But what are you going to do now?" asked Aunt
Josephine.

"Have him arrested, of course," Elaine replied.

Still talking over the strange experience of the night before, we went out on the veranda. "Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Elaine, catch-

ing sight of a man coming up the gravel walk. "I

that isn't Henry, Mr. Del Mar's valet!"

The valet advanced as though nothing had happened, and, indeed, I suppose that as far as he knew nothing had happened. He bowed and handed Elaine a note which she tore open quickly and read.

"Would you go?" she asked, handing the note over

to me.

It read .

DEAR MISS DODGE.

If you and Mr. Jameson will call on me to-day. I will have something of interest to tell you concerning my investigations in the case of the disappearance of Craig Kennedy.

Sincerely, M. DEL MAR.

"Yes," I asserted, "I would go."

"Tell Mr. Del Mar we shall see him as soon as possible," nodded Elaine to the valet, who bowed and left

auickly. "What is it?" inquired Aunt Josephine, rejoining

us. "A note from Mr. Del Mar," replied Elaine, showing

it to her.
"Well," queried Aunt Josephine, "what are you

"We're going, of course," cried Elaine.
"You're not." blurted out Aunt Josephine.

" Why. just think. He's sure to do something.' But Elaine and I had made up our minds.

"I know it." I interjected. "He's sure to try some-

thing that will show his hand-and then I've got him." Perhaps I threw out my chest a little more than was

necessary, but then I figured that Elaine with her usual intuition had for once agreed with me and that it must be all right. I drew my gun and twirled the cylinder about as I spoke. Indeed I felt, since the success of the snapshot episode, that I was a match for several Del Mars.

"Yes, Walter is right," agreed Elaine.

Aunt Josephine continued to shake her head sagely in protest. But Elaine waved all her protestations aside and ran into the house to get ready for the visit.

Half an hour later, two saddle horses were brought round to the front of Dodge Hall and Elaine and I sallied forth

Aunt Josephine was still protesting against our going to Del Mar's, but we had made up our minds to carry the thing through. "You know," she insisted, "that Mr. Kennedy is not at hand to protect you two children. Something will surely happen to you if you don't keep out of this affair."

"Oh, Auntie," laughed Elaine, a bit nervously, however, "don't be a kill-joy. Suppose Craig isn't about?

Who's going to do this, if Walter and I don't?"

In spite of all, we mounted and rode away.

Del Mar, still continuing his nefarious work of mining American harbours and bridges, had arrived at a scheme as soon as he returned from the attempt to get back from us the Sandy Hook plans. Smith, who had stolen the plans from the War Department, was still at the bungalow.

Early in the morning. Del Mar seated himself at his

desk and wrote a letter.

"Here, Henry," he directed his valet, "take this to Miss Dodge."

As the valet went out, he wrote another note. "Read that," he said, handing it over to Smith. "It's a message I want you to take to headquarters right away."

It was worded cryptically:

#### A. A. L. NV

Closely watched. Must act soon or all will be discovered -M.

Smith read the note, nodded, and put it into his pocket, as he started to the door,

"No, no," shouted Del Mar, calling him back. "This means that you'll have to be careful in your getaway. You'd better go out through my secret passage." he

added, pointing to the panel in the library wall.

He pressed the button on the desk and Smith left through the hidden passage. Down it he groped and at the other end emerged. Seeing no one about, he 159

made his way to the road. There seemed to be no one who looked at all suspicious on the road, either, and Smith congratulated himself on his easy escape.

On a bridge over a creek, however, as Smith approached, was one inoffensive-looking person who might have been a minister or a professor. He was leaning on the rail in deep thought, gazing at the creek that ran beneath him, and now and then flashing a sharp glance about.

Suddenly he saw something approaching. Instantly he dodged to the farther end of the bridge and took refuge behind a tree. Smith walked on over the bridge, oblivious of the fact that he was watched. sooner had he disappeared than the inquisitive stranger emerged again from behind the tree.

It was the mysterious Professor Arnold who many times had shown a peculiar interest in the welfare of

Elaine and myself.

Evidently he had recognised Del Mar's messenger, for after watching him a moment he turned and followed.

At the railroad station, just before the train for New York pulled in, the waiting crowd was increased by one stranger. Smith had come in and taken his place

unostentatiously among them.

But if he thought he was to be lost in the little crowd, he was much mistaken. Arnold had followed, but not so quickly that he had not had time to pick up the two policemen that the town boasted, both of whom were down at the station at the time.

"There he is." indicated Arnold, "the fellow with the slight limp. Bring him to my room in the St.

Germain Hotel."

"All right, sir," replied the officers, edging their way to the platform as Arnold retreated behind the station

and disappeared up the street.

Just then the train pulled into the station and the passengers crowded forward to mount the steps. Smith was just about to push his way on with them, when the officers elbowed through the crowd.

"You're wanted," said one of them, seizing his

shoulder. But Smith, in spite of his deformity, was not one to submit to arrest without a struggle. He fought them

off and broke away, running toward the baggage-room. As he rushed in, they followed. One of them was gaining on him and took a flying football tackle. The other almost fell over the twisted mass of arms and legs. The struggle now was short and sharp and ended in the officers slipping the bracelets over the wrists of Smith. While the passengers and bystanders crowded about to watch the excitement, they led him off quickly.

In his rooms at the St. Germain, cluttered with test tubes and other paraphernalia which indicated his scientific tendencies. Professor Arnold entered and threw off his hat, lighting a cigarette and waiting impatiently.

He had not as long to wait as he had expected. A knock sounded at the door, and he opened it. There was Smith handcuffed and forced in by the two police-

men "Good work," commended Arnold, at once setting to work to search the prisoner, who fumed but could not resist.

"What have we here?" drawled Arnold in mock courtesy and surprise as he found and drew forth from Smith's pocket a bundle of papers, which he hastily ran through.

"Ah!" he muttered, coming to Del Mar's note, which he opened and read. "What's this? 'A. A. L. N. Y. Closely watched. Must act soon or all will be

discovered. M.' Now, what's all that?" Arnold pondered the text deeply. "You may take

him away now," he concluded, glancing up from the note to the officers. "Thank you."

"All right, sir." they returned, prodding Smith along out

Still studying the note, Arnold sat down at the desk. Thoughtfully he picked up a pencil. Under the letters A. A. L. he slowly wrote "Anti-American League" and under the initial M the name " Martin."

"Now is the time, if ever, to use that new telephotograph instrument which I have installed for the War Department in Washington and carry about with me,"

he said to himself, rising and going to a closet.

He took out a large instrument composed of innumerable coils and a queer battery of selenium cells. It was the receiver of the new instrument by which a photograph could be sent over a telegraph wire.

Downstairs, in the telegraph room of the hotel, Arnold secured the services of one of the operators. Evidently by the way they obeyed him they had received orders from the company regarding him, and

knew him well there. "I wish you'd send this message right away to Washington," he said, handing in a blank he had already

written The clerk checked it :

U.S. WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington, D. C. Wire me immediately photograph and personal history of Martin arrested two years ago as head of Anti-American League.-ARNOLD.

As the message was ticked off, Arnold attached his receiving telephotograph instrument to another wire.

It was a matter scarcely of seconds before a message was flashed back to Arnold from Washington :

Martin escaped from Fort Leavenworth six months ago. Thought to be in Europe. Photograph follows. EDWARDS

"Very well," nodded Arnold with satisfaction. "I think I know what is going on here now. Let us wait for the photograph."

He went over to the new selenium telephotograph

and began adjusting it.

Far away, in Washington, in a room in the War Department where Arnold had already installed his system for the secret government service, a clerk was also working over the conding part of the apparatus.

working over the sending part of the apparatus. No sooner had the clerk finished his preparations and placed a photograph in the transmitter than the buzzing of the receiver which Arnold had installed announced to him that the marvellous transmission of a picture over a wire, one of the very newest triumphs of science, was in progress. In the little telegraph office of the St. Germán: the clerks and operators crowded about

Arnold, watching breathlessly.
"By Jove, it works!" cried one, no longer scep-

tical. Slowly a print was being evolved before their eyes as if by a spirit hand. Arnold watched the synchroniser apparatus carefully as, point after point, the picture developed. He bent over closely, his attention devoted to every part of the complicated apparatus.

At last the transmission of the photograph was completed and the machine came to rest. Arnold almost tore the print from the receiver and held it up to examine it.

A smile of intense satisfaction crossed his face.

"At last!" he muttered.

There was a photograph of the man who had been identified with the arch conspirators of two years before—Martin. Only, now he had changed his name and appeared in a new rôle.

It was Marcius Del Mar!

Already, in the library of his bungalow, Del Mar had summoned one of his trusted men and was talking to him, when Henry, the valet, re-entered after his trip to see us.

"They're coming as soon as they can," he reported.

Del Mar smiled a cynical smile. "Good," he exclaimed triumphantly, then, looking about at the
electric fixtures, added to the man, "Let us see where
to install the thing."

He walked over to the door and put his hand on the knob, then pointed back at the fixtures.

"That's the idea," he cried. "You can run the line from the brackets to this door-knob and the mat. · How's that?"

"Very clever," flattered the man, putting on a heavy

nair of rubber gloves.

Taking a pair of pliers and other tools from a closet in the library, he began removing the electric fixture from the wall. As Del Mar directed, the man ran a wire from the fixture along the moulding, and down the side of a door, where he made a connection.

In the meantime Del Mar brought out a wire mat and laid it in front of the door where any one who entered or left would be sure to step on it. The various connections made, the man placed a switch in the concealment of a heavily-curtained window and replaced everything as he found it.

Thus it was that Elaine and I came at last to Del Mar's bungalow, I must admit, with some misgivings.

But I had gone too far to draw back now, and Elaine was more eager even than I was. We dismounted. tethered our horses and went toward the house, where I rang the bell. Preparations for our reception had just been com-

pleted and Del Mar was issuing his final instructions to

his man, when the valet, Henry, ran in hastily,

"They're here, sir, now," he announced excitedly.
"All right, I'm ready," nodded Del Mar, turning to his man again and indicating a place behind the folds of the heavy curtains by the window. "You get back there by that switch. Don't move-don't even breathe.

Now, Henry, let them in." As his valet withdrew Del Mar gazed about his library to make sure that everything was all right.

Just then the valet reappeared and ushered us in.

"Good morning," greeted Del Mar pleasantly. see that you got my note, and I'm glad you were so prompt. Won't you be seated?"

Both Elaine and I were endeavouring to appear at

ease. But there was a decided tension in the atmosphere. We sat down, however. Del Mar did not seem to notice anything wrong.

"I've something at last to report to you about

Kennedy," he said a moment later, clearing his throat.

Considerably worried, Aunt Josephine turned from us as Elaine and I rode off on our horses from Dodge Hall. Then an idea seemed to occur to her and she walked

determinedly into the house.

"Jennings," she called to the butler, "have the limousine brought around from the garage immediately."

"Yes, ma'am," acquiesced the faithful Jennings, hurrying out.

It was only a few minutes later that the car pulled up before the door. Aunt Josephine bustled out and entered.

"Fort Dale," she directed the driver, greatly agitated.

" Ask for Lieutenant Woodward."

Out at Fort Dale, Woodward was much astonished when an orderly announced that Aunt Josephine was waiting in her car to see him on very urgent business.

He ordered that she be admitted at once.

"I hope there's nothing wrong?" he inquired

anxiously, as he noted the excitement and the worried look on her face.

"I-I'm afraid there may be," she replied, sitting down and explaining what Elaine and I had just done.

The Lieutenant listened gravely.
"And." she concluded. "they wouldn't listen to me. Lieutenant. Can't you follow them and keep them out of trouble ? "

Woodward, who had been listening to her attentively, jumped up as she concluded. "Yes," he cried sympathetically, "I can. I'll go myself with some of the men from the post. If they get into any scrape, I'll rescue them."

Almost before she could thank him. Woodward had hurried from his office, followed by her. On the parade grounds were some men. Quickly he issued his orders,

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and a number of them sprang up as he detailed them off for the duty. It was only a moment before they returned, armed. An instant later three large touring cars from the Fort swept up before the office of Woodward. Into them the armed men piled.

"Hurry-to the Del Mar bungalow," ordered the Lieutenant, jumping up with the driver of the first car. "We must see that nothing happens to Miss Dodge and Mr. Jameson."

They shot away in a cloud of dust, followed hard by the other two cars, dashing at a breakneck speed

over the good roads. In the narrow, wooded roadway near Del Mar's house

Woodward halted his car, and the soldiers all jumped out and gathered about him as hastily he issued his directions.

"Surround the house, first," he ordered.

arrest any one who goes in or out."

They scattered, forming a wide circle. As soon as word was passed that the circle was completed, they advanced cautiously at a signal from Woodward, taking advantage of every concealment.

In the kitchen at the back of Del Mar's, Henry, the valet, had retired to visit one of the maids. He was about to leave when he happened to look out of the window

"What's that?" he muttered to himself.

He stepped back and peered cautiously through the window again. There he could see a soldier, moving stealthily behind a bush.

He drew back farther and thought a minute. He

must not alarm us.

Then he wrote a few words on a piece of paper and tore it so that he could hold it in his palm. Next he hurried from the kitchen and entered the study.

Del Mar had scarcely begun to outline to us a long and circumstantial pseudo-investigation into what he was pleased to hint had been the death of Kennedy,

when we were interrupted again by the entrance of his valet

"Excuse me, sir," apologised Henry, as Del Mar

frowned, then noted that something was wrong. As the valet said the words, he managed surrepti-

tiously to hand to Del Mar the paper which he had written, now folded up into a very small space.

I had turned from Del Mar when the valet entered. apparently to speak to Elaine, but in reality to throw

them off their guard.

Under that cover I was able to watch the precious pair from the tail of my eye. I saw Del Mar nod to the valet as though he understood that some warning was about to be conveyed. Although nothing was said. Del Mar was indicating by dumb show orders of some kind. I had no idea what it was all about but I stood ready to whip out my gun on the slightest suspicious move from either.

"I hope you'll pardon me, Miss Dodge," Del Mar deprecated, as the valet retreated toward the door to the kitchen and pantry. "But, you see, I have to be

housekeeper here too, it seems,"

Actually, though he was talking to us, it was in a way that enabled him by palming something in his hand, I fancied, to look at it. It was, though I did not know it, the hastily scrawled warning of the valet.

It must have been hard to read, for I managed by a quick shift at last to catch just a fleeting glimpse that it

was a piece of paper he held in his hand.

What was it, I asked myself, that he should be so secret about it? Clearly, I reasoned, it must be some-

thing that was of interest to Elaine and myself. If I must act at all, I concluded, now was the time to do SO Suddenly I reached out and snatched the note from

his hand. But before I could read it Del Mar had sprung to his feet.

At the same instant a man leaped out from behind the curtains

But I was on my guard. Already I had drawn my

revolver and had them all covered before they could

make another move.

"Back into that corner—by the window—all of you," I ordered, thinking thus to get them together, more easily covered. Then, handing the note with

my other hand, to Elaine, I said to her, "See what it says—quick."

Eagerly she took it and read aloud, "House sur-

rounded by soldiers."

"Woodward." I cried.

Still keeping them covered, I smiled quietly to myself and took one step after another slowly to the door. Elaine followed.

I reached the door, and I remember that I had to step on a metal mat to do so. I put my hand behind me and

grasped the knob, about to open the door.

As I did so, the man who had jumped from behind the curtain suddenly threw down his upraised hands. Before I could fire, instantaneously in fact, I felt a thrill as though a million needles had been thrust into all parts of my body at once. paralysing every muscle and nerve. The gun fell from my nerveless hand, clattering to the floor.

The man had thrown an electric switch which had completed a circuit from the metal mat to the door-knob through my body and then to the light and power current of high power. There I was, held a prisoner

by the electric current!

At the same instant, also, Del Mar with an oath

leaped forward and seized Elaine by the arms. I struggled with the door-knob, but I could no more let go than I could move my feet off that mat. It was torture.

"Henry!" called Del Mar to the valet.

"Yes. sir."

"Open the cabinet. Give me the helmets and the suits."

The valet did so, bringing out a number of queerlooking head-pieces with a single weird eye of glass in the front, as well as rubber suits of an outlandish de-

sign. While he was doing this, Del Mar stuffed a handkerchief into Elaine's mouth to keep her quiet. By this time, Del Mar as well as the man from behind the curtains and the valet were provided with suits.

and one at a time holding Elaine, the others put them on

Del Mar moved toward Elaine, holding an extra helmet. He strapped it on her, then started to force

her into a suit. I struggled still, but in vain, to free myself from the

door knob and the mat. It was more than I could stand, and I sank down, half conscious. I revived only long enough to see that Del Mar had forced one of the suits on Elaine finally. Then he pressed a button hidden on the side of his desk, and a

secret panel in the wall opened. Picking up Elaine, he and the others hurried through into what looked like a dark passage and the panel closed. They were gone. I put forth all my remaining

strength in one last desperate struggle. Somehow, I managed to kick the wire mat from under my feet, breaking the contact.

I staggered toward the panel, but fell to the floor.

unconscious

Outside, the iron ring of soldiers, as Woodward had planned it, were looking about, alert for any noise or movement. Suddenly, two of them who had been watching the grounds attentively signalled to each other that they saw something.

From the shrubbery emerged a most curious and uncouth figure, all in rags, with long, unkernet hair and beard, sallow complexion, and carrying a long staff. It might have been a tramp or a hermit, perhaps, who was making his way toward the house.

The two soldiers stole up noiselessly, close to him. Almost before he knew it, the hermit felt himself seized from behind by four powerful arms. Escape was

impossible.

"Let me go," he pleaded. "Can't vou see I'm harming no one?"

But the captors were obdurate. "Tell it to the Lieutenant," they rejoined grimly, forcing him to go before them by twisting his arms. "Our orders were to seize any one entering or leaving."

Protests were in vain. The hermit was forced to go before Lieutenant Woodward, who was just in the

rear directing the advance.

"Well." demanded Woodward "what's your business ? "

For an instant the hermit stood mute. What should he do? He has reason to know that the situation must

be urgent. Slowly he raised his beard so that Woodward could see not only that it was false but what his features

looked like.

"Arnold!" gasped Woodward, startled. "What brings you here? Elaine and Jameson are in the house.
We have it surrounded."

Half an hour before, in the St. Germain, Arnold had no sooner received the telephotograph than he hurried up to his room. From a closet he had produced another of his numerous disguises and quickly put it on. With scant white locks falling over his shoulders and long scraggly beard, he had made himself into a veritable wild man. Then he had put on the finishing touches and had made his way toward Del Mar's

A look of intense anxiety now flashed over Arnold's face as he heard Woodward's words.

"But," he cried, "there is an underground passage from the house to the shore."

"The deuce!" muttered Woodward, more alarmed now than ever. "Come, men-to the house," he shouted out his orders as they passed them round the line. "Arnold, lead the way!"

Together the soldiers and the strange figure rushed

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to the front door of the bungalow. All was still inside. Heavy as it was, they broke it down and burst in.
"Walter, there's Walter!" cried Woodward as he

saw me lying on the floor of the study when they ran

They hurried to me and as quickly as they could started to bring me round.

"Where's Elaine?" asked the hermit.

Weakly, I was able only to point to the panel. But it was enough. The soldiers understood. They dashed for it, looking for a button or an opening. Finding neither, they started to bang on it and batter it in with the butts of their guns.

It was only seconds before it was splintered to pieces. There was the passage. Instantly, Woodward, the hermit, and the rest plunged into it, utterly regardless of danger. On through the tunnel they went until at last they came, unmolested, to the end. There they paused to look about.

The hermit pointed to the ground. Clearly there were footprints, leading to the shore. They followed them on down to the beach.

"Look!" pointed the hermit.

Off in the water they could now see the most curious sights. Four strangely helmeted creatures were wading out, each like a huge octopus-head, without tentacles.

Only a few seconds before, Del Mar and his companions, carrying Elaine, had emerged from the secret entrance of the tunnel and had dashed for the shore of the promontory.

Stopping only an instant to consider what was to be done. Del Mar had seen some one else emerge from the tunnel.

"Come — we must get down there quickly." he shouted, hurriedly issuing orders, as all three, carrying

Elaine, waded out into the water. At sight of the strange figures the soldiers raised

their guns and a volley of shot rang out.

"Stop!" shouted the hermit, his hair streaming wildly as he ran before the guns and threw up as many "THE DISAPPEARING HELMETS"

as he could grasp with his outstretched arms. you want to kill her?" " Her?" repeated Woodward.

All stood there, wonderingly, gazing at the queer creatures.

What did it mean?

Slowly, they disappeared—literally under the water. They were gone-with Elaine!

## CHAPTER XII

# THE TRIUMPH OF ELAINE "

HALF carrying, half forcing Elaine down into the water. Del Mar and his two men, all four of the party clad in the outlandish submarine suits, bore the poor girl literally along the bottom of the bay until they reached a point which they knew to be directly under the entrance to the secret submarine harbour.

Del Mar's mind was working feverishly. Though he

now had in his power the girl he both loved and also feared as the stumbling-block in the execution of his nefarious plans against America, he realised that in getting her he had been forced to betray the precious secret of the harbour itself

At the point where he knew that the harbour was above him, hidden safely beneath the promontory, he took from under his arm a float, which he released.

Upward it shot through the water. Above, in the harbour, a number of his men were

either on guard or lounging about.

"A signal from the Chief," cried a sentry, pointing to the float as it bobbed up.

"Kick off the lead shoes." signalled Del Mar to the

others, under the water. They did so and rose slowly to the surface, carrying Elaine up with them. The men at the surface were waiting for them and helped to pull Del Mar and his

companions out of the water. "Come into the office, right away," beckoned Del Mar anxiously, removing his helmet and leading the

way.

In the office, the others removed their helmets, while Del Mar took the head-gear off Elaine. She stared about her bewildered.

"Where am I?" she demanded.

"A woman!" exclaimed the men in the harbour in

surprise.

"Never mind where you are," growled Del Mar, plainly worried. Then to the men he added, "We can't stay any longer. The harbour is discovered. Get ready to leave immediately."

Murmurs of anger and anxiety rose from the men as Del Mar related briefly between orders what had just happened.

Immediately there was a general scramble to make

ready for the escape.

In the corner of the office, Elaine, again in her skirt and shirtwaist which the diving-suit had protected, sat open eyed watching the preparations of the men for the hasty departure. Some had been detailed to get the rifles, which they handed round to those as yet unarmed. Del Mar took one as well as a cartridge belt.

"Guard her!" he shouted to one man, indicating Elaine, "and if she gets away this time, I'll shoot

you."

Then he led the others down the ledge until he came to a submarine boat. The rest followed, still making preparations for a hasty flight.

Woodward, along with Professor Arnold in his dis the soldiers, after the disappearance of Elaine and Del Mar in the water. "I see it all now!" cried the hermit—"the sub-

"I see it all now!" cried the hermit—"the submarine, the strange disappearances, the messages in the water. They have a secret harbour under those cliffs, with an entrance beneath the water-line."

Hastily he wrote a note on a piece of paper.

"Send one of your men to my headquarters with that," he said, handing it to Woodward to read:

#### RODGERS .-

Send new submarine telescope by bearer. You will find it in case No. 17, closet No. 3,—ARNOLD.

"Right away," nodded Woodward, comprehending and calling a soldier whom he dispatched immediately with hurried instructions. The soldier saluted and hurried away.

Then Woodward turned and with Arnold led the men up the shore, conferring on the best means of

men up the snore, co

On a wharf along the shore Woodward. Arnold and the soldiers gathered, waiting for the telescope. Already Woodward had had a fast launch brought up, ready for use.

When Woodward, Arnold and the attacking party had discovered me unconscious in Del Mar's study, there had been no time to wait for me to regain full consciousness. They had placed me on a couch and run into the secret passageway after Elaine.

Now, however, I slowly regained my senses and, looking about, vaguely began to realise what had hap-

pened.

My first impulse was to search the study, looking in all the closets and table drawers. In a corner was a large chest. I opened it. Inside were several of the queer helmets and suits which I had seen Del Mar use.

queer neimets and suits which I had seen Del Mar use.

For some moments I examined them curiously, wondering what their use could be. Somehow it seemed to me, if Del Mar had used them in the escape, we should

need them in the pursuit.

Then my eye fell on the broken panel. I entered it and groped cautiously down the passageway. At the end I gazed about trying to discover which way they had all gone.

At last, down on the shore, before a wharf, I could see Woodward, the strange old hermit and the rest.

I ran toward them, calling

By this time the soldier who had been sent for the submarine telescope came up. The instrument was in sections in several long cases.

"Good!" exclaimed the old hermit, almost seizing

the package which the soldier handed him.

He unwrapped it and joined the various sections together. It was, as I have said, a submarine telescope, but after a design entirely new, differing from the ordinary submarine telescope. It had an arm bent at right angles, with prismatic mirrors, so that it was not only possible to see the bottom of the sea but by an adjustment also to see at right angles, or, as it were, round a corner.

It was while he was joining this contrivance together that I came up from the end of the secret passage down to the wharf.

"Why, here's Jameson," greeted Woodward. "I'm glad you're so much better."

"Where's Elaine?" I interrupted breathlessly.

They began to tell me.

"Aren't you going to follow?" I cried.
"Follow? How can we follow?"

Excitedly I told of my discovery of the helmets.

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the hermit. "Send some one back to get them."

Woodward quickly detached several soldiers to go with me, and I hurried back to the bungalow, while

others carried the submarine telescope to the boat.

It was only a few minutes later that, in Del Mar's own car. I drove up to the wharf again and we unloaded

the curious submarine helmets and suits.

Quickly Woodward posted several of his men to act as sentries on the beach, then with the rest we climbed into the launch and slipped off down the shore.

The launch which Woodward had commandeered moved along in the general direction which they hadden seen Del Mar and his men take with Elaine. With the telescope over the side, we cruised about slowly in a circle, Arnold gazing through the eyepiece. All of us were by this time in the diving-suits which I had

brought from Del Mar's, except that we had not yet

strapped on the helmets.

Suddenly Arnold raised his hand and signalled to stop the launch. Look!" he cried, indicating the eyepiece of the

submarine telescope.

Woodward gazed into the eveniece, and then I did also. There we could see the side of a submerged submarine a short distance away, through the cave-like entrance of what appeared to be a great under-water

harbour "What shall we do?" queried Woodward.

"Attack it now before they are prepared," replied the hermit decisively. "Put on the helmets."

All of us except those who were running the launch buckled on the head-pieces, wrapping our guns in waterproof covers which we had found with the suits.

As soon as we had finished, one after another, we let ourselves over the side of the boat and sank to the bottom.

On the bottom we gathered and slowly, in the heavy unaccustomed element and cumbersome suits, we made our way in a body through the entrance of the harbour.

Upward through the archway we went, clinging to rocks, anything, but always upward, As we emerged a shot rang out. One of our men

threw up his arms and fell back into the water.

On we pressed.

Elaine sat in a corner of the office, mute, while the man who was guarding her, heavily armed, paced up and down.

Suddenly an overwhelming desire came over her to attempt an escape. But no sooner had she made a motion as though to run through the door than the man

seized her and drove her back to her corner.

"Take your positions here," ordered Del Mar to several of the men. "If you see anybody come up through the water, these hand-grenades ought to settle them.

Along the ledge the men were stationed, each with a pile of the grenades before him.

"See!" cried one of them from the ledge as he

caught sight of one of our helmets appearing.

The others crouched and stared. Del Mar himself hurried forward and gazed in the direction the man indicated. There they could see Woodward, Arnold and the rest of us just beginning to climb up out of the water. Del Mar aimed and fired. One of the men had

thrown up his arms with a cry and fallen back into the water.

Invaders seemed to swarm up now in every direction from the water.

On the semicircular ledge about one side of the harbour, Del Mar's men were now ranged in close order near a submarine, whose hatch was open to receive them, ready to repel the attack and if necessary retreat into the under-sea boat.

They fired sharply at the figures that rose from the water. Many of the men fell back, hit, but, in turn, a large number managed to gain a foothold on the ledge.

Led by Woodward and Arnold, they formed quickly, stripped off the waterproof coverings of their weapons, and returned the fire sharply. Things were more equal now. Several of Del Mar's men had fallen. The smoke of battle filled the narrow harbour.

In the office Elaine listened keenly to the shots.

What did it all mean? Clearly it could be nothing less

than assistance coming.

The man on guard beard also and his uncontrollable curiosity took him to the door. As he gazed out, Elaine saw her chance. She made a rush at him and seized him, wresting the rille from his hands before he knew it. She sprang back just as he drew his revolver and fired at her. The shot just narrowly missed her, but she did not lose her presence of mind. She fired the rifle in turn and the man fell.

A little shudder ran over her. She had killed a man! But the firing outside grew fiercer. She had no time

to think. She stepped over the body, her face averted. and ran out. There she could see Del Mar and his men. Many of them by this time had been killed or wounded.

"We can't beat them; they are too many for us," muttered Del Mar. "We'll have to get away if we can. Into the submarine!" he ordered.

Hastily they began to pile into the open hatch. Just as Del Mar started to follow them, he caught

sight of Elaine running out of the office. Almost in one leap he was at her side. Before she could raise her rifle and fire he had seized it. She managed, how-

ever, to push him off and get away from him.

She looked about for some weapon. There on the ledge lay one of the hand-grenades. She picked it up and hurled it at him, but he dodged and it missed him. On it flew, landing close to the submarine. As it exploded, another of Del Mar's men toppled over into the water.

Between volleys, Woodward, Arnold and the rest

pulled off their helmets.

"Elaine!" cried Arnold, catching sight of her in the hands of Del Mar.

Ouickly, at the head of such men as he could muster,

the hermit led a charge.

In the submarine the last man was waiting for Del Mar. As the hermit ran forward with several soldiers between Del Mar and the submarine, it was evident that Del Mar would be cut off

The man at the hatch climbed down into the boat. It was useless to wait. He banged shut and clamped the hatch. Slowly the submarine began to sink.

Del Mar by this time had overcome Elaine and started to run toward the submarine with her. But then he

stopped short. There was a queer figure of a hermit leading some

soldiers. He was cut off.

"Back into the office!" he growled, dragging Elaine. He banged shut the door just as the hermit and the soldiers made a rush at him. On the door they battered.

But it was in vain. The door was locked.

In the office Del Mar hastily went to a corner, after barring the door, and lifted a trap-door in the floor known only to himself.

Elaine did not move or make any attempt to escape.

for Del Mar, in addition to having a vicious-looking automatic in his hand, kept a watchful eve on her.

Outside the office, the soldiers, led by the hermit and

Woodward, continued to batter at the door. "Now - go down that stairway - ahead of me."

ordered Del Mar.

Elaine obeyed tensely, and he followed into his emergency exit, closing the trap.

"Beat harder, men," urged the hermit, as the soldiers battered at the door.

They redoubled their efforts, and the door bent and swaved.

At last it fell in under the sheer weight of the blows.

"By George-he's gone-with Elaine," cried the hermit, looking at the empty office.

Feverishly they hunted about for a means of escape. but could find none.

" Pound the floor and walls with the butts of your guns," ordered Arnold. "There must be some place that is hollow." They did so, going over all inch by inch.

Meanwhile, through the passage, along a rocky

stairway. Del Mar continued to drive Elaine before him, up and ever up to the level of the land. At last Elaine, followed by Del Mar, emerged from

the rocky passage in a cleft in the cliffs, far above the promontory. "Go on!" he ordered, forcing her to go ahead of

They came finally to a small hut on a cliff overlooking the real harbour.

"Enter!" demanded Del Mar. Still meekly, she obeyed.

Del Mar seized her and before she knew it had her bound and gagged.

Down in the little office our men continued to search

"Here's a place that gives an echo," shouted one of

them.

As he found the secret trap and threw it open, the hermit stripped off the cumbersome diving-suit and

jumped in, followed by Woodward, myself, and the soldiers.

Upward we climbed until at last we came to the

Upward we climbed until at last we came to the opening. There we paused and looked about. Where was Del Mar? Where was Elaine? We could see no trace of them.

Finally, however, Arnold discovered the trail in the grass, and we followed him, slowly picking up the tracks.

tracks.

Knowing that the submarine would cruise about and wait for him, Del Mar decided to leave Elaine in the hut while he went out and searched for a boat in which to look for the submarine.

Coming out of the hut, he gazed about and moved off cautiously. Stealthily he went down to the shore and there looked up and down intently.

A short distance away from him was a pier in the process of construction. Men were unloading spin and other material from a cable car that ran out on the pier on a little construction railway. At the end of the dock lay a power-boat, moored, evidently belonging to some one interested in the work on the pier.

The workmen had just finished unloading a car and were climbing back on the empty car, which looked as if it had once been a trolley. As Del Mar looked over the scene of activity, he caught sight of the power-boat.

"Just what I want," he muttered to himself. "I must get Elaine. I can get away in that."

The workmen signalled to the engineer above, and the car ran up the wharf and up an incline at the shoreend. The moment the car disappeared, Del Mar hurried away in the direction he had come.

At the top of the grade, he noticed, was a donkey engine which operated the cable that drew the car up from the dock, and at the top of the incline was a huge pile of material.

The car had been drawn up to the top of the grade by this time. There the engineer who operated the

engine stopped it.

Just then the whistle blew for the noon hour. The men left off work and went to get their dinner pails, while the engineer started to draw the fire. Beside the engine, he began to chop some wood, while the car was held at the top of the grade by the cable.

In our pursuit we came at last in sight of a lonely hut. Evidently that must be a rendezvous of Del Mar. But was he there? Was Elaine there? We must see first.

While we were looking about and debating what was the best thing to do, who should appear hurrying up the hill but Del Mar himself, going toward the hut.

As we caught sight of him, Arnold sprang forward, Woodward and L fellewed but the coldiers also invested

As we caught sight of him, Arnold sprang forward.
Woodward and I, followed by the soldiers, also jumped out.
Del Mar turned and ran down the hill again, with us

after him in full cry.

While we had been waiting, some of the soldiers had deployed down the hill and now hearing our shorts.

turned and came up again.

half-submerged submarine.

unred and came up agam.

Beside his engine, we could see an engineer chopping
wood. He paused now in his chopping and was gazing
out over the bay. Suddenly he had seen something
out in the water that had attracted his attention and
was staring at it. There it moved, nothing less than a

As the engineer gazed at it, Del Mar came up, unseen, behind him and stood there, also watching the submarine, fascinated.

Just then behind him Del Mar heard us pursuing.

He looked about as we ran toward him and saw that we had formed a wide circle, with the men down the hill, that almost completely surrounded him. There was no chance for escape. It was hopeless.
But it was not Del Mar's nature to give up. He

gave one last glance about. There was the trolley car that had been converted into a cable way. It offered just one chance in a thousand. Suddenly his face assumed an air of desperate determination.

He sprang toward the engineer and grappled with him, seeking to wrest the axe from his hand. Every second counted. Our circle was now narrowing down and closing in on him.

Del Mar managed to knock out the engineer, taken by surprise, just as our men fired a volley. In the struggle. Del Mar was unharmed. Instead he just

managed to get the axe. An instant later a leap landed him on the cable car. With a blow of the axe he cut the cable. The car began

to move slowly down the hill on the grade. Some of the men were down below in its path. But

the onrushing cable car was too much for them. They could only leap aside to save themselves.

On down the incline, gathering momentum every second, the car dashed, Del Mar swaying crazily but keeping his footing. We followed as fast as we could. but it was useless.

Out on the wharf it sped at a terrific pace. At the end it literally catapulted itself into the water, crashing from the end of the pier. As it did so, Del Mar gave a flying leap out into the harbour, struck the water

with a clean dive, and disappeared. On down the hill we hurried. There in the water was Del Mar swimming rapidly. Almost before we knew it, we saw him raise his hand and signal, shouting.

There only a few yards away was the periscope of a submarine. As we watched, we could see that it had seen him, had turned in his direction. Would they get him?

We watched, fascinated. Some of our men fired, as

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accurately as they could at a figure bobbing so uncer-

tainly on the water. Meanwhile the submarine approached closer and rose

a bit so that the hatchway cleared the waves. It opened. One of the foreign agents assisted Del Mar in. He had escaped at last !

It was most heart-breaking to have had Del Mar so nearly in our grasp and then to have lost him. We looked from one to another, in despair.

Only Arnold, in his disguise as a hermit, seemed undiscouraged. Suddenly he turned to Woodward.

"What time is it?" he asked eagerly.
"A little past noon."

"The Kennedy wireless torpedo!" he exclaimed.

"It arrived to-day. Burnside is trying it out."

Suddenly there flashed over me the recollection of the marvellous invention that Kennedy had made for the government just before his disappearance, as well as the memory of the experience I had had once with the intrepid Burnside.

Woodward's face showed a ray of interest and hope in the overwhelming gloom that had settled on us all. "You and Jameson go to Fort Dale, quick," directed

Arnold eagerly. "I'm not fit. Get Burnside. Have him bring the torpedo in the air-boat."

We needed no further urging. It was a slender chance. But I reflected that the submarine could not run through the bay totally submerged. It must have its periscope in view. We hurried away, leaving Arnold.

who slowly mounted the hill again.

How we did it, I don't know, but we managed to get to the Fort in record time. There near the aeroplane hangar, sure enough, was Burnside with some other men adjusting the first real wireless Kennedy tornedo, the last word in scientific warfare making an aerial torpedo-boat.

We ran up to the hangar, calling to Burnside excitedly. It was only a moment later that he began to issue orders in his sharp staccato. His men swarmed

forward and took the torpedo from the spot where they had been examining it, adjusting it now beneath the hydro-aemplane.

Jameson, you come with me?" he asked. "You went before."

We rose quickly from the surface and planed along out over the harbour. Far off we could see the ripple from the periscope of the submarine that was bearing Del Mar away. Would Kennedy's invention for which Del Mar had dared so much in the first place prove his final undoing? We sped ahead,

Down below in the submersible Del Mar was giving hasty orders to his men to dip down as soon as all the

shipping and the sand bars were cleared. I strained my eyes through the glasses, reporting

feverishly to Burnside what I saw, so that he could steer his course.

"There it is," I urged. "Keep on—just to the left."
"I see it," returned Burnside a moment later, catching

with his naked eye the thin line of foam on the water left by the periscope. "Would you mind getting that torpedo ready?" he continued. "I'll tell you just what to do. They'll try to duck as soon as they see us, but it won't be any use. They can't get totally submerged fast enough."

Following Burnside's directions, I adjusted the firing apparatus of the torpedo.

'Let it go!" shouted Burnside.

I did so, as he volplaned down almost to the water. The torpedo fell, sank, bobbed up, then ran along just under the surface. Already I was somewhat familiar with the wireless device that controlled it, so that while Burnside steadied the aircraft I could direct it, as he coached me.

The submarine saw it coming now. But it was too late. It could not turn; it could not submerge in time. A terrific explosion followed as the torpedo came in contact with the boat, throwing a column of water high in the air. A yawning hole was blown in the very side of the submarine. One could see the water rush in.

Inside, Del Mar and his men were now panic-stricken.

Inside, Del Mar and his men were now panic-stricken. But it was hopeless. Others fell, fainting, from the poisonous gases that were developed.

Of them all. Del Mar's was the only cool head.

Of them all, Del Mar's was the only cool head. He realised that all was over. There was nothing left to do but what other submarine heroes had done in better causes. He seized a piece of paper and hastily wrote:

> Tell my emperor I failed only because Craig Kennedy was against me.—Del Mar.

He had barely time to place the message in a metal float near by. Down sank the submarine, now full of water.

water.

With his last strength he flung the message clear of
the wreckage as it settled on the mud on the bottom

of the bay.

Burnside and I could but stare in grim satisfaction

at the end of the enemy of ourselves and our country.

Up the hillside plodded Professor Arnold, still in his wild disguise as the hermit. Now and then he turned and cast an anxious glance out over the bay at the fast disappearing periscope of the submarine.

Once he paused. That was when he saw the hydroaeroplane with Burnside and myself carrying the wireless tornedo.

Again he paused as he plodded up, this time with a gasp of extreme satisfaction. He had seen the waterspout and heard the explosion that marked the debacle of Del Mar.

The torpedo had worked. The most dangerous foreign agent of the coalition of America's enemies wadead, and his secrets had gone with him to the bottom of the sea. Perhaps no one would ever know what the nation had been spared.

He did not pause long now. More eagerly he plodded up the hill, until he came to the hut.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FLAINE

He pushed open the door. There lay Elaine, still bound. Quickly he cut the cords and tore the gag from her mouth

As he did so, his own beard fell off. He was no longer the hermit. Nor was he what I myself had

thought him. Arnold.

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"Craig!" cried Elaine, in eager surprise. Kennedy said not a word as he grasped her two hande

"And you were always around us, protecting Walter and me," she half laughed, half cried hysterically. "I knew it—I knew it!"

Kennedy said nothing. His heart was too happy. "Yes," he said simply, as he gazed deeply into her great eyes. " my work on the case is done."